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THE SATURDAY BVENING POST

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THE UNDERTONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY AUGUST BELL.

Down by the dancing brook, All among grass and lilies I love to lie and look, I love to lie and look Up at the sun through the leaves,

Under the pale green willow

And wonder if it cares at all How the willow droops and grieves !

Down by the stately harbor The rocks rise gray and tall, And there I watch the billows Forever rise and fall,-Forever rise and fall, And I wonder if they care Because they cannot leap to Heaven Where clouds float white and fair!

Under the dark still hemlocks Down in the forest deep, Alone in its cool shadows I dream, yet do not sleep; Dreaming, yet not asleep, I hear the wildwood birds:

mehow a sadder, sweeter song Was never put in words! The restless billows heave Upon the restless river, The sun rides through the heavens,

And the brook flows on forever,-The brook flows on forever, And the ending is not yet,-

I wonder if earth is longing For something it cannot get!

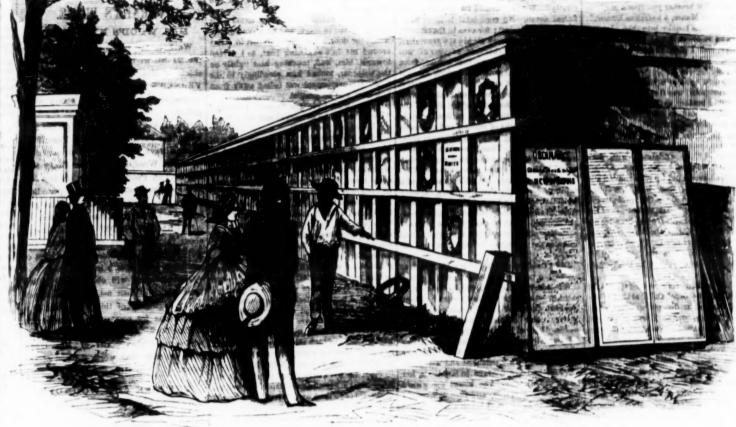
A HEART STRIGGLE.

PART THE SECOND.

'My father shall know all," I said to mywhen the first agony of grief was over. it when we met at the breakfast-table morning, courage failed me. I knew father's violent disposition far too well to ire further in the course which I had ked out for myself. A storm in a teathanks to my mother's docility and father's temper, was a storm indeed. The submission of the lady of the houseonly served to aggravate the violence lord, when his hot blood was aroused. he secret that stirred in my heart like a se must be hidden yet a while. I would time to think and act.

squise it as I might from my own heart, ed the minister, and I loved him none ess because I pitied his unfortunate er: I was in a painful dilemma. Apart the circumstance which made a conwith Mr. Macbraith unfilial, I could elp feeling that I was staking my hap- parted. on a dangerous hazard. A gloomy, hung about the lives of the two men om I had become so suddenly and ely associated. I feared the minister dark moods more than I feared his posal." in his wild moods. He was highpied, but headstrong and passionate; account you gave me be truefancied that he loved me more than he

cared to confess.



THE CITY CEMETERY OF NEW ORLEANS. .

New Orleans are the cemeteries, a view of made just large enough to admit a coffin, and from one to three storys high. This method of coffin is often lifted out by the water, while its one of which is annexed. Each of these airesed, tier upon tier, to the height of about lent cities is inclosed with a brick wall of 12 feet. The whole enclosure is divided into arched cavities, very much resembling ovens, plots, with gravel paths, intersecting each Potter's Field, where the atranger without at dicustoms being often more French and Spa-

which indeed is the unpleasantly suggestive other at right angels, and is densely covered friends and the poor without money find an un-nish than American. - "Frank Lastic's Paper."

Among the most remarkable objects in | name they are known by here. These are | with tombs, built wholly above ground, and | certain rest; the soil being so marshy that the

relation to Mr. Macbraith was concerned, I then doubt it. Enough of thia. You have ing my teeth and lips to keep my courage up. had little sympathy. I never for a moment been put to unnecessary pain; but we also "Thanks, thanks! I am to believe that doubted the truth of the dark story I had have suffered. Good morning. I have said heard that night in the Manse.

I did not venture out of doors for some My brain was overwrought, my heart ached. met, there was cunning in mine and spleen- strength. ful reproach in hers.

The first day I ventured out of doors, I He turned with a softer look, half pity, wandered involuntarily over the marshes to half surprise. Rab Gibson's Dyke. It was a gloomy mornthreatened rain. The marshy ground was sition?" covered by a thin, yellow mist, in the midst of which one stray sickly sunbeam went and God forgive me!" the printed page. When he glanced up and pressibly beautiful in its softening charity. half-frightened, with a beating heart. He tears. He did not move.

claimed quietly.

appealing look.

Yes, madam. I knew you must venture out sooner or later, and I was sure that instinct would lead you to this spot. I have and made a sudden step towards me. consequently made this place my study for

the last few mornings." I stood still, very pale, with my eyes bent upon the ground, and returned no answer. "I desire, madam, to apologize for my

spoken in the heat of passion."

roused. "Your brother," I said, " is dangerous, and ought not to be suffered to go at large."

He frowned grimly. He looked very strange in his large eccentric cloak and his embrace. Guy-Fawkes hat; he seemed like some ghost of a time and a society long before de- me go. I was mad."

"Miss Jessie Hayman, my brother is dearer woman in the world to make such a pro-

" If it be true!" he cried flercely. " Do you doubt it? Look into your father's face, you trifling with me?"

With my father, so far as his position in as you tell him what I have told you, and "I was not," I answered firmly, compressall I came to say, and will now leave you."

He turned on his heel and moved away. days, for I felt quite worn out with anxiety. My blood rushed up hotly to my face and ears, my head swam. I felt wild and reck- sinful one; but let us pray that it is not so, The gloomy fretful cloud on the face of my less in my passion. I would sacrifice ail provoked and tortured me; when our eyes far above me by virtue of his stern. I howed my head and said nothing. If

"Mr. Macbraith !" I cried unaware,

"Have you a heart? Have you any pity?

"I have pity, Miss Jessie; and I pity ye

up and down, with a book in his hand; but obeying the motions of an uncontrollable they are important ones. Yet, be assured, I could see that his thoughts did not follow soul. As he spoke, his dark face looked inex- your marriage with me may or may not cause saw me, the blood on his stern face flushed Could be, then, be wicked and desperate? produce much good. Remember, Jessie, that

"We live in a hard world, young lady," closed his book quietly, and came towards n.e.,
"I have been waiting for you," he ex- he said, gently; "and blessed are those that are able to weep. There is no sorrow with- later, Jessie Y "Waiting for me, sir," I murmured, with an out sin; and sin scorches the sweet tears out of us. Farewell!

"Stop!" I cried, hysterically.

love you' Joy, like a sunbeam, fell luminously on his face, as he caught me in his arms with a cry. Side by side we walked under the clouds and "I thought so; I hoped so," he exclaimed, through the mists. His face was turned to

brother's violence, and for my own words clasping me in his strong arms. "It is mine, and it wore a glow that might have spoken in the heat of passion." Cod forgive me if I sin, dear girl; been triumph, and might have been affec-He spoke bitterly, not humbly, and there but I have not courage to give you up. I am tion, but in the eyes a deep indescribable was a sneer on bis face as he spoke. I felt a coward, I say; but for your sake, Jessie, I tenderness, or such it seemed to be, linwill sacrifice all."

I shuddered, in spite of myself, at the con-

the happiness, and fatal to a woman's my duty by him. Whilst I am able to pro- calmly and quietly. But I did not move from which I seemed to lose all consciousness of voice. "That has been my life ever since I first affection on the cold altar of my home; tect him, he shall never enter an asylum. Sadly and nervously I returned his individual being. Never before had I expected his individual being. Never before had I expected him, he shall never enter an asylum. Shall I add, that you should be the last gaze. He approached with bent head, and rienced such profound emotion. Yet never, secure darkness over my love for you, and loved sinfully, or that the man I loved was in

> "Spare your taunts, Mr. Macbraith. If the spoken to me a few moments ago?" I made no reply.

"Thanks, thanks! I am to believe that you love me, Jessie?"

Yes.

" Perhaps I err in thanking Heaven that it is so. I do err, if the love I bear you be a What if Fate were to accomplish her ends by I howed my head and said nothing. His eyes were fixed on mine with a strange fascinating gaze,

"And you will marry me, Jessie? You | will be mine, dear girl, will you not?"

I trembled in spite of myself; for I saw my ing; the sky was dark and cloudy and Can you perceive the bitterness of my po- father's wrathful face and heard my mother's chiding voice. Whither did my duty urge

came fitfully. Close by the Dyke, I came suddenly upon the minister. He was pacing mood changed from storm to calm, as if me keenly. "You hesitate," he exclaimed, watching mood changed from storm to calm, as if me keenly. "I perceive your doubts, and unpleasantness at first; but it will eventually from red-heat to white-treat. I recoiled, The soft look conquered me, and I burst into by marrying me you may atone for great and fearful crime "

"Do not name it!" I cried, with a shudder. "I will not. You will marry me sooner or

" Sooner or later, yes" He caught me in his arms, and, pressing me closely to his bosom, kissed me tenderly, He turned with a strange look of wonder. The morning grew darker and darker around us as he took my arm, and we walked slowly "Ob, have pity! have pity!" I cried. "I side by side by the path over the marshes. There was a storm brewing; but we thought only of the storm within, and heeded not, gered, lingered like the soft halo round a ed, calmly looking up, after a pause, star when it is fading. Both were silent. fession I had made in my excitement. I was Our thoughts were too terribly beautiful for of harsh voices above us, and the air seemed. Surely, surely, never was there girl more unblind with tears as I struggled to escape from utterance. My pulses throbbed thickly with to vibrate with the echo. We harried on, lucky than I. The course of my true love ran pain and fear that were almost happiness. I There was a bright broad flash, which alrough as a torrent in a Highland glen; now most blinded us, and a minute a terwards it wavered to the right, now to the left; but need be, then and there. The growing clouds, the thunder ground terribly, like one of the all the time it was unconsciously precipitathe floating mists, the silver giamour around fallen Titans in pain. He stopped me sud- ting itself into irretrievable action. Had my In an instant he released me. Drawing the far distant mountains, the solitude of the | denly. back a few feet, he stood looking at me marshes were portions of a strange dream, in "Storm, storm?" he said, in a deep low and unholy, I might have immolated this I believe, was my emotion less apparent. We harmonize with the beatings of my heart. error. I had a girlish notion that for him last broken by the minister.

"Jessie," he said with a sail smile, drawing me close to him, and looking bravely into my eyes-"Jessie, does it occur to you that ours

is a very strange wooing?" I looked into his face inquiringly.

"For myself," be continued, "I am unac customed to strong demonstrations; but I am seventeen years older than you, dear girl, and that fact may account for my seeming apathy. To you, however, who are young and ignorant of the world, I must seem sadly cold and him to proceed with me no further; but he dull. Teli me, Jessie, are you not a little ro- was excited, and paid no attention to my remantic?

incredulous.

"That you are not a novel reader I am which so often mislead young women. Per. mine, and murmured in my car, rowly. Your romance, if you have any, only trust me, and I have much to say to you. assumes a sacrificial form. Perhaps you have exaggerated notions as to the self-sacrifice and resignation necessary to your sex?"

"I think not, Richard." his Christian name. He immediately recovered himself, and gave a light laugh.

"Don't tnink me rude," he observed. "It s the first time since I was a boy that a woman has called me by my Christian name, and the word sounded odd in my ear. You are right, Jessie; you only exert your privilege.

Does the freedom offend you?" I asked, with timid c Idness. " No?" he exclaimed, with a burst of joy.

The gleam passed from his face, and he fell into a reverie, from which I, my self full of matter for reflection, did not venture to dis turb him. But the clouds increased and darkened, and I at last said, "Let us turn now, of they will miss me at home."

He turned without a word. "We shall have a storm soon," he observ-

As he spoke, there was a far distant sound

Jessie, Jessie, answer-is it so?"

Richard?" I exclaimed, imploringly. He pressed his lips close to mine, and kiss-ed me passionately.

"I love you, I love you," he murmured without his usual sternness,

"If you indeed love me, Richard-if you love me as you say—why this dreadful strug-gle? Is it not written that love is all-sufficient, that it heals all wounds, that it is all in all to each—holy, holy? Oh, Richard dear, if you love me, think that this love is a sacred trust that Heaven has given you; doubt it not, doubt it not, and all will be True, true love is always right; it cannot err, it cannot stain or injure any one of God's creatures."

As I finished the sentence a flash of lightning lit up our faces, and both, I felt, were full of truthful love. I was violently agitaed. Had I spoken like a selfish woman, or like a heroine? Enough that he was satisfied; for brightness lingered on his face, even when the lightning-flash had died away.

"You are wiser and better than I. ngs upon your true heart, my darling! Pity me, comfort me. I am a minister of the Gospel; but there is a darkness on me. Be my teacher."

Richard !" Again that trembling appealing cry, which

prang out of the yearning of my beart. "I am only a poor weak girl; but, oh, I ove you dearly; and, for better for worse, I

will be your true and constant wife." The joy of that moment! We forgot the ightning and the thunder, the fierce paraphernalia of the soul, and stood gazing at sach other in our great and strange love-a ove that was never, never to die, even when death did us part."

"Jessie," he cried, "it would be glorious to die now!"

The lightning sprang out from heaven like a flery sword, rebuking him. We now hur-

"To die," I said, " is less noble than to live. If we have loads to bear, Richard, love will give us strength to endure; but let us ot yield till we are crushed by a load that it is beyond our power to carry further."

We are now in the immediate neighborhood of our house; I tremble, not at the storm.

" Are you afraid, dear girl," said the minister, tenderly. "Nay, be assured by your own sweet philosophy. Love defics all elsments, and is its own talisman against all earthly ills."

But the clouds now broke, and the rain fell down in torrenta, drenching us to the skin in a moment, and putting an abrupt conclusion to the passionate poetical speech. With the gallantry of a younger man, and, in spite of my remonstrances, he took off his great cloak and flung it over my shoulders. I begged monstrances. We hurried along, side by " Not at all," was the reply. But he looked side, and at last we halted before my father's galo.

We were concealed from the eyes of any already aware; and I am also aware that you inmates of the house by the thick trees in the are free from those foolish heroic notions garden. He hurriedly pressed his lips to haps you interpreted my question too nar. be at the Manse this evening. Nay, you can

With a passionate farewell, he left me. Quite bewildered, I ran immediately into the

Staked to the skin, I was hurrying up He started, coloring slightly. It was the stairs, when I met my father, who had only first time that I had ventured to call him by just arisen. I hardly noticed him in my agitation, and I was passing him with a quiet morning greeting, when he touched me on the shoulder, and commanded me to stop. I stopped, lifting my eyes timidly to his face. To my surprise, he frowned, turned alter-nately red and pale, and seemed violently ful lest he had discovered my secret.

"Where have you been, child?" he asked. impatiently, with a glance of great suspicion. I told the truth, not the whole truth.

"I was out for a walk, papa, and was He was not estisfied.

"Change your clothes," he said with quiet rage, "and come to me immediately in the study." "Yes, papa."

Once in my bed-room, I forget my bodily plight, and threw mywif down upon the bed. reason convinced me that my love was wrong

ook my hand.

"Do you, then, wish to recall the words went into no visible raptures; we made no Do I sin is loving one who, by virtue of her and its claims, and I held true feminine love. other. Our souls mingled in the dreadful birth, is part of my brother's wrong? Do I to be an even more holy sentiment than filis? "I insist upon an answer," he cried. "Were silence of their hope. This silence was at forfest my duty to my brother by loving you? duty. That my own passion was pure in its essence I felt convinced; I loved with an un-

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course, then, was it my privilege, my nexes sity, to adopt ' To face my father's wrath with a pure conscience, and to set in direct opposition to my father's will; or to yield uplicit obedience to the letter of the house hold law, and so to sacrifice all my hopes of he recovered himself. mortal love. The struggle was a hard one, a Then I reco bitter, bitter "heart struggle." Then I recol-lected the arguments of the minister. Were they admissible, or were they simply the sophisms of a clever mind? Was it possible that, by throwing off parental control, and consenting to the proposed marriage, I might that it is so ! Mr. Macbraith is anxiou heal the breach made by sin long before, or deeply anxious, that what is done should be avert calamity from the head of my father, or save my lover from the horrors of a life unbecoming the duties of a Christian minis-"Proposed marriage I" why, had I not sworn to be the wife of Mr. Macbraith, and had I not encouraged him to believe that he had won my heart? and would it not be incalculably sinful to break the vow I had made, and to deprive him, not only of my love, but of his confidence in my woman! integrity? Heaven, I reflected, would punish me sorely if I showed myself insincere, if I seemed unfaithful. For a plain girl to assume the privilege of a coquette was beyond measure contemptible; and I should despise my self if I laid myself open to the imputation of triffing with the gentleman's feelings. As I have said, I did not doubt for a moment the truth of the story I had heard in the Manse; for I knew my father's temper, and had once or twice heard unpleasant rumors concerning his past life. While I lay, with my head upon a pillow,

inthed in tears, the lightning was dying with sudden gloams, and the thunder was growing more distant every moment. The fitful sobhing of the rain on the window pane rang is my ears, and the room swam round and round me like a chamber of whirling darkness. By and by I felt stronger and better; and by this time I had determined that my next conversation with my father should de cide my fate once for all I arose to my feet I was now satisfied that my fate hung in the balance, and I could wait for the result with

Almost unconsciously I walked to the looking glass. I was wondering what Mr Mac bruith could see in such an insignificant facand person as mine. I started back aghast. It was not the pale, plain face, with the hard lines about the mouth; the slight figure, un-developed in its frail girlhood; the thuid, awk ward attitude of the limbs, or the fixed, imploring look of the eye, it was none of these things, all of which were sufficiently familiar, which appalled me. Over my we nd dripping shoulders, down to my soaked feet. I still wore the cloak of the minister. In gotten to return the cloak to its owner, and there it lay, when I flung it oil, as a witness the meaning of my father's strange man per. He had perceived the cloak, and had identified it as that worn by the minister with whose person he was familiar.

l'erhape it was as well that my love ne longer assumed the character of an odious secret, and that I should be kept no longe in suspense. The necessity for immediat courage recalled me to myself. I made the to on down below. When I was ready, I looked into the glass again. Again the pale, resolution. With trembling heart, I descend ed the stafresse, and knocked at the study

door. "Come in," said my father's voice, and I

Parsa was souted at his deak making pretence to write: but he was a poor actor ad I saw through him. I waited for some minutes in great suspense, until, looking up he made a sudden exclamation

Jessie Hayman," he cried, with an angre movement, "this is most cruel most unna

"What, pape ?"

"Posh! don't attempt to misunderstand! me I'm speaking of your conduct You are directly opposing my wishes; you have are, you are holding communication with scoundrel and a blackguard." Papa "

"I'm speaking of that villain Macbraith who ought to be hung, yes, hung, and who hates me, and is my worst enemy. pected you for some time, now I am cor vinced of your wickedness. That cleak "

Mean-spirited for the moment, I tried to describe the affair as an accidental meeting,

and a simple courtesy

Do you take me for an idiot in exclaimed ing. "Now, be candid, and it wil be the better for you. You know this man ?"

- "Has he been paying you attentions?" "Yes, papa."
- You-hum-love hom

And you dare, with that confersion on your lips, to sit at my table, and call yourdaughter! Henceforth undeceive yourself. You're no daughter of mine, and

my house is not for the friends of my enemics. I renounce you. I'll have nothing more to do with you, go to your lover;sponge no longer on me and mine. You

I spoke quite caimiy, although a atorm raged within. Papa paused, flushing fire, and seemed astounded at my coolness and audacity. They seemed to take his breath away with surprise. He grew darker and

You-ha-don't mone to my that you've any real liking for this fellow?

moved to him and took his hand.

"Hear me, papa. Do not judge me harshly. for you know my affection for you. I love Mr. Machraith; I have struggled hard against the feeling, but I love him dearly, better even

divided heart, and had no obvious selfish mo | but have pity. I do not, cannot believe that tive to gratify by being undetiful. What he is a bad town; I prefer thinking that you are mistaken in him, and that my love may in time reconcile you to one another, I know all. I believe that I may blot out a portion of the past by disobeying you in this matter." He turned pale and seemed frightened, but

> So ?" he murmured between his teeth "He has been litelling me to my own flesh and blood; inventing lies to throw a stain on my good name, and turning my daughter's heart against me, I thought so."

a Not so I beseech you, do not believ deeply anxious, that what is done should be set right again, and that he should enable you to meet him on friendly terms. His bre

"Ha! what of him?" cried papa, with scared look.

His brother has lost that which it is it the power of no man to restore his reason but something may yet be done for him be

Where is this brother you speak of ?"

"Here, at the Manse, a harmless lunatic." What! I must inquire into this. Insane and suffered to go at large; the nuisance is insufferable, and I shall at once petition the authorities. While he is free, none of our

I trembled in spite of myself. The minis ter's tenderest point was that piteous love for his half-witted brother, and any attack in that quarter might lead to terrible results. I trembled now for my father. " Surely, papa, you would not have this un

fortunate man consigned to an asylum?" "Wouldn't I?" he exclaimed, with dark malignity. " Why not? Hundreds of better men than he have to put up with the cell and

the strait-waistcoat; and why not him! Who is he that he is to put the whole neighborhood in jeopardy? Oh, this comes of the minister's fine teaching. He has been telling you a lot of lying stories about me, and you believe him. Never mind. I'll be revenged mon him: Pil show him the end of all his fine plots and counterplots; he shall smart

Papa had grown very nervous; and he spoke without his usual air of arbitrary desion. I cannot hardly tell whether I felt or sorrowful, but I was convinced low that I had heard the whole truth from my lever.

"Now, look here, girl. If you want to marry this scamp, my deadly enemy, marry / sha'n't attempt to prevent you; you may marry both him and his brother, if you like. But don't expect any help from me or mine when he casts you off Marry him, I say; try the experiment, and blame yourself it fails. Go !

I was moving towards the door, quite at a oss what to say or do, when he cried Stop " Then I flung myself at his feet.

"Oh, papa, dear papa, do not judge hastily in this matter. Give us time, and all will be well. Mr. Machraith is not the wretch you esteem him. I love him, papa. He is dear to me as life itself; and I know him to be true

I was weeping now, but my father only grew sterner on seeing my weakness. He ashed me from him

" I will wait months, years, any number of years; only say that you will listen to us, when we attempt to reconcile right and wrong in the end For I love him, papa, I love him so dearly."

He seemed to perceive an advantage; for his face assumed a cunning look, as he said, with assumed carelessness.

" Pooh! the nonsensical ravings of a girl. Once and for all, I don't comprehend this stuff, it's all unintelligible acting. You heat me. Either renounce this man, of

"Very well," he cried fiercely "I am satisfied. Listen, though, for one moment, lest you rush to too hasty a conclusion. In the first place, girl, you're not a beauty; your face would not recommend you to any man or number of men. I say this without prejudice, although you are my daughter. Very well, then. It's obvious enough that Macbraith hasn't fallen in love with your face; and the most probable conclusion is, that he hasn't fallen in love with you at all."

I smiled unaware, a sad smile of utter

"Oh, you may smile, but don't be too sure. young lady. If you were a beauty, I might selieve he cared for you, for I know his iking for pretty faces. As matters stand, siry owever, I have given my opinion. What Macbraith owes me a grudge, and he cives you're a fool, and hopes to gain his ends by your means. His object therefore is ejuring your father, and as for marrying you, the man knows better than that He's mistakee, though, in thinking that he can harm the in that way. You're a woman, and f you like to go to the devil with your eyes open, I sha'n't break my heart. Go, I am

I rushed from the room. Outside the door met manima, who had evidently been cavesdropping. She was going to speak; but, pal and wild. I pushed nest her and went up to my room. I locked the door, and lay down on the led

Oh, those eruel words, his last words They ate into my brain like burning fire, and buried themselves there; they cut into my heart like sharp steel, and blinded me with excess of pain. Do what Loudd, I could not deprive them of their terrible significance They seemed so plausible, so horribly prob able. My only vulnerable point had been assailed, and I was left without the means of resistance. Could it be true that Machraith was indeed the villain paps had described, and that he was endeavoring to accomplish his revenge by means of my misery or my dishenor? Oh, no, no, no! He was far too noble and true for that. Yet how true it was

win the hearts of men; and how suddenly had the minister seemed to become my scholler! Then I thought of the man's dark monds, full of fierce wrath and doubt, of his great wrong, ever present before him in the flesh, and of his threats. Confident as I was of the integrity of my resolutions, I was a young girl, ignorant of the world, easily deceived; and I felt that it would be easy for a man of the world to blind and mislead me on a subject so imminently attractive as that of love. was now profoundly miserable, and more bewildered than ever. I could not shake off the dark doubt that I was in danger. Again, if Macbraith were indeed a villain, and I were to yield to him, how trobly bitter and sinful would appear my disregard of filial duty and obedience! My father's wrath would then appear just, albeit a little headstrong. He had warned me he had exposed the man, and kad done all obstinacy can bring itself to do in order to avert the catasrophe. Oh, my bitter, bitter heart struggle

Are we women generally sharper sighted

than the other sex? or do we take too wide scope of men and things to see aught clearly? We are blamed for brooding over finical detail. No complaint is more plausible or more unjust; for even in the estimate of each other's dresses we always generalize. A wise thinker, a chivalric admirer of wo men, once argued to me that women, from that delicacy of organization which extends from their noblest sentiment to the remotest fibre of their body, were enabled to grasp and appreciate the very loftiest ideal of the male sex, while they were perfectly unable to sound the depties of vileness and meanness of which a strong man, less delicately organized, is capable. Thus it would follow that women are apt to put the finest construction on the actions of a man, however base. Certain it is that women are seldom capable of a depth of error fully equal to man's capacity for evil until they have fallen to that stage when the female body has lost all its finer organism, and is reft of that delicate physical harmony which, from time immemorial, has colored the mathetics of manners and so

Did I hold the nobility of Mr. Macbraith at oo high a value? Was mine merely a girlish enthusiasm? Was I blinded by the compliment of so superior a man's esteem? were the questions I had to answer. I can answer some of them now in three little words. I loved him, really loved him.

By-and-by mamma brought me up a cur of tea, which I drank carelessly. She was really scared by my pale face and wild manner, and had not courage to lament in her usual weakly way. She kissed me with a few consoling words, and then left me. I was glad to be alone. I lay in a half-stunned state, with a humming in my cars as of distant roices. I seemed to grow quite stupid with and to forget everything.

That day passed. I did not go to the Man n the evening; I was too ill to leave home, and I feared the consequences of another scene. I returned the cloak by one of the servants. At breakfast the next morning papa's manner towards me was unusually kind. He chatted in a most lively way on all sorts of subjects; but I was too dull to follow him. He evidently thought that I had yielded to his persuasions, and discarded what he simply esteemed my girl's folly. He was mistaken. I was still far from a decision and the struggle of my heart was still going on within. Three days expired, and I had not passed the threshold of the house. I could not summon up courage to meet my lover. I would wait for a space, and in the meantime

trust to chance. On the evening of the fourth day I was sewing in the sitting-room, when I heard voices in the direction of papa's study. They were men's voices, and one seemed raised is angry altercation. Surprised, I listened at entively. Something in the sound frightene me, and I was soon convinced that I had cause to fear. One of the voices I heard was my father's, the other was that of the Rev. Mr. Macbraith. I threw down and crept noiselessly across the lobby. At the study door, which was on the latch, I

"Edward Hayman, let bygones be bygones," said my lover, in low measured ac cents "I came here to night to wipe out th remembrance of all that is post. I have told out that I love your daughter." My father laughed

"I dare say " he replied. "This is not the first time I have heard the story. Well,

"I have nothing more to say. For form's is the man to gratify it. He sees you, per- hand which she has already promised to give me; and it is for her sake that I have sacri ficed my pride in so doing. Consent to our to break your heart, or worse, in the hopes of union, and I may take the consent as an convalent for atonement. I am willing so far to cancel our wrongs.

"Bah! I know you, Macbraith." "Do you, then, refuse me the hand of your

daughter F "I have nothing to say to you, let that suffice. I believe that you have aiready heard my opinion on the subject. I'll have nothing to do with you or yours. I know you of old, my man; so beware!

"Do you dare to address me thus?" cried the minister.

Papa laughed mockingly and bitterly. "I'm no coward, Macbraith, and you know

t; and your fine seowling and threatening won't turn my blood cold. You may sneal into my house, man, and libel me; but you shall do so at your peril. Ay, at your peril, although half-a dozen more mad brothers were prowling about the country, and try ing, with your aid, to escape the necessary surveillance of the lunatic asylum"

" Wretch that you are, take care how you make light of your own villainy, or I may forget myself.

There was a loud derisive laugh, a burried ovement, as I passed into the room. than my own happiness. Do not turn away, that I was without those attractions which There I saw my father raise his hand and

strike Mr. Macbraith, drawing blood from the "Father!" I cried, standing between them.

He pushed me aside, crying, "That, Macbraith, is my answer. I utterly

dely you to injure me or mine. For this gir here, she is my daughter, fool though she is and I shall exert my privilege over her." I turned to the minister. He was snow

white with rage. Every fibre of his body was shaking; and he bit his lips till the blood came, in endeavoring to keep calm. He walk ed over to my father, quiet, stern, dreadful is

"Edward Hayman," he himed between his clenched teeth, "you have done what all who care for you will yet pray on their bended knees, for your sake, to have undone. You have trebled to night the horrible sin of long years ago; and it is not my fault if you suffer For nothing now shall save you from my just hate, my just vengeance. As for the cirl, keep her. I almost hate her now, be ause she is a child of yours."

" Richard " I screamed. " Mr. Macbraith But he walked swiftly from the room, and ut of the house.

I turned in flerce appeal to my father; bu his lips curled in scorn, and he waved me towards the door. The room seemed to swin around me in a sickening heat, as I moved towards him, and, touching him lightly on the shoulder, looked him pleadingly in the face. His excitement was fading away from him now, and he quailed.

" Papa, what have you done?" I cried .-

How can you be so wicked and cruel ?" " Leave me, you fool!" I left him, horrified at my own scorn of nim; and mamma immediately entered to comfort him. All hope was lost, then. Mr. Macbraith did not love me; otherwise he could never have resigned me so cruelly and so scornfully. That was my first thought .-At the second thought, I remembered that he was not himself, that he was nearly mad with rage; but I also remembered his headstrong, passionate nature, and feared for the consequences of my father's insult and vioence. My love and sorrow grew quite torpid now. I was lost to outer life, and lived in that world of mental dream which is too often the symptom or precursor of physical decline. I began to feel that between myself and the minister had come a cloud which neither of us could ever cross with safety .-We were like woman and man standing dis tinctly visible to each other on separate banks of a great rushing river, and stretching out pleading hands in vain. What if, in trying to meet, we were to be swept together on the great river's bosom to the lap of an eternal cean, there to float until the trumpet should stir the dead on the waters into life

I pass over the occurrences of some weeks during which I spent all my time between the house and the surrounding garden. My father imposed no physical restraint upon me; but I did not care to venture away from the door. I heard nothing of Mr. Macbraith in the interim. Had he repounced me for-

& A recent writer says that the races of the behemoth, the mastedon, and healthy wo-

men, are extinct. 13" Studious men, who look so quiet, are ot unfrequently the most restless men in existence.

13" A certain judge in Ohio is celebrated for his love of a joke and fondness for a game of whist, as well as for his legal acumen. A short time since two witnesses were summoned in a case of some importance to be tried before him. They expected to testify and return home the same night, but the FOR SICK AND WOLNDED SOLDIER judge, who had heard of their proficiency in his favorite game, before the calling of the to play whist and tell stories. Mr. Sheriff,

adjourn court until to-morrow. A printer's apprentice who attempted to do the agreeable to a clergyman's daughthe text-"My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

If thine enemy bath eaten bread with thee, thine hand shall be powerless towards him .- Koran.

A few days since, at an evening party, a gentleman handed his wife a glass of wine; some one asking her if it was Madeira, she replied, "I presume so, for it came from

A poor fellow, dving of starvation, hould have consolation administered to him

by a fry er. The best two lines of rhyme vet pro duced by the rebellion are the following, got off by a youngster at a recent school exhibition in one of the towns of Massa-

chusetts:-"Rockaly, Jeffy, upon the tree top. Keep up your lies, or rebellion will stop

An ambitious barber advertises him self in the Eastport Sentinel as a "profes sor of Decoracapillaturation and depilacros

The Memphis correspondent of the Cincinnati Times writes - The darkies were vasily amused over the gunboat fight, and enjoyed it as much as they would have done a corn-husking. "Look heah, massa," said a great, jolly, ebony-faced fellow to me, this formation as to what those articles are will morning, in front of the Gayoso, "Did you see ale Uncle Abram's boats go froo dem city associations. We are happy to know ere shell-boats of ours? I gosh, dey drapped that a great deal is doing in this city-that 'em like egg-shells. Dey cleaned 'em all out articles of food and clothing, as well as mofore breakfast. Fore God, it's a good ting ney to purchase such articles, have been very for Massa Montgomery dey didn't take all de day to it.

that his blood and that of his sweetheart aid be systematic and continuous also, so mingle perhaps in the same mosquito.

anything with this villainous thing!"never sharpen the knives for a shilling ordi- on his bed of suffering as they would a friend

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.-We cannot andertake to return rejected communica

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphiets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manper and on reasonable terms.

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VERNER'S PRIDE. MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We have the pleasure of informing our eaders that we have purchased the advance sheets of Mrs. Wood's forthcoming story, VERNER'S PRIDE and shall be able to commence its publication in a very short

So great has been the demand for this new work, that Frue or THE NEW YORK PUB-LISHERS HAVE MADE EFFORTS TO OBTAIN IT -but Mrs. Wood, indulging ber kindly feelings for THE POST, which was the first and for a long time the only American periodical to recognize her genius, has given the preference to her old friends in Philadelphia.

"VERNER'S PRIDE" will run through about thirty numbers of THE POST, and will doubtless constitute the attraction of our pages while it is being published.

Our subscribers will oblige us by calling the attention of their neighbors and friends to the beginning of this new story, as a capital time for commencing to subscribe to THE POST. As a subscriber in St. Louis writes us,-"The stories of Mrs. Wood alone are more than worth the cost of the DADEP.

THE SICK AND WOUNDED. We bespeak the earnest attention of ou eaders for the following appeal :-

TO THE PUBLIC -AS THIS fearful combat increases, our sympathies are naturally drawn to the acene of carnage which ensues. Thousands of our country-men have fallen in the terrible conflict. Many are slain, while others remain suffering with wounds, who, if they survive, are maimed for life. Our Hospitals are overflowing from almost daily accessions to their numbers, while repeated demands come to us from those more contiguous to the scene of action. The call is immediate—the piteous cry is for relief. Who are these sufferers? They are ur Friends and Brothers Shall use the supinely, and turn a deaf ear to their appeal, regardless of their condition? Rather let our daily energies and evening petitions blend in a Holy Anthem of solicitude in their

behalf.

Let us, during the Nation's conflict, while as yet enjoying the security peacefully surrounding our own hearthstone, armed with the panoply of Mercy, extend a hand to save,

THE PENN RELIEF ASSOCIATION commenced its labors with limited means, trusting to the sympathy of a benevolent cause, rose and said:—"The case on trial will not be heard this afternoon. The witnesses are bound over until to-morrow, and are this afternoon invited to meet at my house will be stated by the construction of the construction will realize the encouraging response, "In-asmuch as ye did it to one of these my Breth ren, ye did it unto Me."
RACHEL S. EVANS, President, North-

ANNA P. LITTLE, Secretary, No. 602

orth Sixth street.

ANNA R. JUSTICE, Corresponding Se-

MARY M. SCRANTON, Treasurer, No. 1010 Wallace street. Philadelpia, June 5th, 1862.

The above association is one of many now operation in this city. Relative to thisthe PENN RELIEF Association -- we are able to speak from personal knowledge as to its efficiency and integrity. Our readers may depend upon it, that anything sent to the cretary of the Association, will be at once devoted to the aid of the numerous inmates of our military hospitals, and will be used, so far as the association can control that use, in the best manner.

We trust that not only our city but our ountry readers,-those of them who are at all able, and are as yet doing nothing-will organize district or village associations to co-operate with those already in existence in this and other cities. Ladies generally know what articles the sick and the convalescent require, and probably none of these articles can come amiss, in the present crowded condition of the hospitals. Of course some articles are more needed than others, and inbe cheerfully afforded by the officers of the freely contributed-but the demand, while the contest rages as at present, must naturally It must be a happy thought to a lover be constant and excessive. Therefore let the long as human suffering is to be alleviated-HUNGRY CUSTOMER -" Here, waiter, and let the heart of the sick and wounded oring me another carving-knife. I can't cut man be lightened with the thought that his country women acknowledge the debt of Honest Walter-" Beg pardon, sir, but we gratitude they owe him, and remember him CORINTH.

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The entreachments of the rebels at Coring do not seem to have been very formidable in their character, judging by the official report of Major-General W. T. Sherman. He mys:

chief redoubt was found within thirteen hun-dred yards of our line of entrenchments, but completely masked by the dense forest and undergrowth. Instead of having, as we sup-posed, a confunous line of entrenchments encircling Corinth, his def-ness consisted of spurals redoubts, consected in part by a pa-rapet and ditch, and in part by shallow right pils. The trees being felled so sets give a good field of fire to and beyond the main road.

Again, Gen. Sherman says :-

The evacuation of Corinth at the time and The evacuation of Corinth at the time and in the manner in which it was done, was a clear back down from the high and arrogant tone heretofore assumed by the robels. The fortistations, though poor and indifferent, were all they supposed necessary to dur defect, as they had had two months to make them, with an immense force to work at their disposal.

My division has constructed seven distinct intrenched camps since leaving Shilob, the men working cheerfully and well all the time, night and day. Hardly had we floish-ed one camp before we were called on the move forward and build another. But I have been delighted at this feature in the character of my distinguant that they maked of of my division, and take this method of ma-king it known. Our interachments here and at Russell's, each built substantially in one night, are stronger works of art than the much boasted forts of the enemy at Corinth.

BROWNLOW'S RECEPTION.

The Rev. W. G. Brownlow-commonly called Parson Brownlow-had a very entire siastic reception from the citizens of Philadelphia on the evening of the 13th. The Academy of Music was crowded with an audience of the bighest character-and the Parson delivered one of his forcible and characteristic speeches, depicting the condition of affairs under the rebel rule in East Tennessee. A splendid Union flag also was presented to his laughter, Mrs. Sawyer, who protected the flag

at her father's house, pistol in hand.
We see it stated that of Mr. Browniow's book describing his imprisonment, &c., the large edition of 60,000 copies has already been sold.

NEW PUBLICATIONS. RAVENSHOE. By HENRY KINGSLEY, author

of "Geoffry Hamlyn." Published by Tickor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. THE BOOK OF DAYS. A Miscellany of Popu-

lar Antiquities, in Connection with the Calen far. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila. TRAGEDY OF SUCCESS. Published by Tick-

or & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros. Phila.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for May. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila

Last October, when the Emperor Na poleon was at Compiegne, a lad of the village, who has wonderful precocity of mathematical development, was questioned by the Emperor. In the course of conversation, he was asked :- "What do you want ?" minutes of your Majesty's revenue," "How "Five hundred france." The much is it?"

money was given the child. At a recent meeting of a parish, a straight laced and most exemplary deacon submitted a report in writing of the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance from the parish. "Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He

said he believed he had. WHAT THE REBELS CAN DO .-- An old saying current in European military circles, runs in this wise :- The Spanish to build forts. The French to take them. The English to hold them. To render this complete, the following should be added -The Confe-

derates to evacuate them. The bridal attire for the Princess The lace has been preparing in skillful hands for over sixteen months, and the design was

chosen by the late Prince Consort, As a little four-year old boy was being put to bed, his mother said to him-" Kiss mamme good-night, Johnny." He at first refused, and then inquired, "Do lieutenants kiss their mammas " " Why do you ask that, my dear?" inquired the astonished maternal parent. " 'Cause I'm lieutenant of our company, and Joe Walah is captain." Being assured that it was not beneath his official dignity to "kies mamma good night," he thus

saluted her, and went to bed. A man who has no bills against him, belongs to the order of no-bil-i-ty in more

than one sense. The water that has no taste is purest; the rain that has no odor is the freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

Not the poem which we have read, but that to which we return, with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power and claims the name of essential poetry.

The annual cost, in this country, of the clergy, is about \$6,000,000; criminals, \$19,000,000; lawyers, \$35,000,000; tobacco, \$40,000,000; rum and other intexicating quors, \$100,000,000.

A new steel ball, with a sharp-cutting edged point, has been invented by Mr. A. G. Parker, Postmaster at Rocky Hill, Connecticut, which by trial is found to excel all others in penetration. These balls were repeatedly driven through the poll of an are, when ordinary bullets made no mark, and an ordinary conical steel bullet simply indented it. The new "bullet proof vest" would not amount to much before Mr. Parker's winged knife, which this invention literally is.

Prentice says :- " A chap sometimes comes in our office, and sits hour after hour without telling one word of truth during the whole time. He can outsit a hen, and outlie the devil."

was no tered, a that he not to they we siumber arrived bloody compre posted I comman opened twenty whom t death, gade for was con ighting. ured, a son of co cape ove could co plished.

fremont the bird out of the force with Banks to Carroll's Port Replace, his caught I dispersed tured, because out of the carroll of the canger of country, to the rel army ped, b have been must have buers. Wofficers wo On the tirring et he is now Tellane.

Port Rept

FRE The are the of bal d in colu-outly to vidences CCERSES. The reb

and many were left Capt Do killed. Capt But was seven were the reb souse slon FIRE STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF

THE RECENT CAMPAIGN OF THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

"Samewall Jackson," with what is left of its army, has evidently escaped from the Valley over the Buse Hodge in the direction of Gordonaville and Richmond. His retreat mand flectness of Foot. It was the known purpose of his raid to "wine out" Banks's skeleton army and "raise Maryland"—that is, so much of its a sympathnese with rebellion—the residue busing considered Yankee "muddille" of no practucal account. He did demolibility on practucal account. He did demolibility of no practucal account. He did demolibility and the supplies of the did demolibility of no practucal account. He did demolibility of not he Potonace and account the did demolibility of not he Potonace and account. He did demolibility of not he Potonace and account. He did demolibility of not he Potonace and account the did demolibility of not he Potonace and account. He did demolibility of not he Potonace and account the did demolibility of not he Potonace and account the did demolibility of not he Potonace and account the did demolibil spected. The residue had been necessarily sained for the defence of threatened Rich-end.

retained for the defence of threatened Ricamend.

Jackson's scouts and spies soon warned him he must retreat as rapidly as he had advanced, that fees were gathering in his rear, and that he would be bagged. So, tearing himself away from fraternizing but powerless Winchester, he pushed up the Valley, and passed Strasburg just in time to clude Fremont, who, with a force considerably smaller than his own, and just about as hungry and weary, was there descending the main ridge of the Alleghanies, which he had cro-sed by forced marches from Franklie and Morfield. Fremont pressed after him, being joined at Strasburg by Gen. Bayard with a brigade of cavalry from McDoweil's command, which left him still interior in numbers to Jackson. After passing through Harrisoburg, closely pressed by Premont's cavalry, Jackson turned to fight on Friday afternoon last, a little south of that village, preparing an ambuscade into which the 1st New Jersey Cavalry, Col. Windham, fell, and was repulsed, losing 33 men, Col. Windham being unhorsed and captured. A battalion of the Pennsylvania Bucktails, Lieut. Col. Kane, which went forward with three other regiments, to the rescue of the Windham cavairy, was severely handled, losing 55 out of 125 men; Col. Kane being wounded and taken prisoner. Jackson, of course, retreated during the night, not waiting for the main body men; Col. Kane being wounded and taken prisoner. Jackson, of course, retreated du-ring the night, not waiting for the main body of Gen. Fremont's army to come up. Gen. (late Col.) Ashby, the best cavalry officer in the rebel service, was here killed. Major Green, of Ashby's old regiment, was also killed.

Gen. Fremont resumed the pursuit of Jack-Gen. Fremont resumed the pursuit of Jackson early on Sunday morning, 8th inst, and found him strongly posted at Cross-Keys, on the road to Port Republic at a point seven miles east of south of Harrisonburg, where a determined fight between the two armies endetermined fight between the two armies ensued. Gen. Fremont won the field, but the
victory was much like Gen. Biell's at Sailoh
and Gen McClelian's at Fair Oaks. Our loss
in killed and wounded was about 800, including Col Von Gilsa of the De Kalb regiment of this city and several captains. The
rebe is left 500 desd or mertally wounded on
the field, not withstanding they fought under
cover of woods and in a strong, well-chosen
position. Their total loss cannot have fallen
below 1,000, and was probably greater.
Jackson decamped during the night, and
pressed on to Port Republic, where the road
over the Blue Ridge into Central or Eastern
Virginia crosses the south lork of the She-

over the Blue Ridge into Central or Eastern Virginia crosses the south fork of the Shemandoah. Here Col. Carroll, commanding a brigade of Gen. Shields's division, 1,600 strong, had arrived during Sunday, being sent hither on parpose to head Jackson.—Gen. Shields, with the residue of his division, was not far behind. Col. Carroll reconnoisered, saw no force in his front, concluded that he could hold the bridge, and decided not to burn it, but place his cannon where they would command it, and retired to his simulters.

they would command it, and retired to his simistors.

His mistake was grievous. At daylight next morning, he was aroused by a salute from Jackson's artitlery. "Stonewall" had arrived during the night, terteating from the boody field of Cross-K. ys, and at one glance comprehended the necessities of the case. He posted his artillery quietly where they would command the bridge, and, when day broke, opened upon our astonished Colonel from Iwenty iron throats, backed by an army to whom the passage was a matter of life and death. Carroll's fearfully outnumbered brigade fought like heroes, but their artillery was commanded, and silenced by Jackson's, and the bridge saved. Repeated attempts to bern it were defeated by showers of balis—it was too late—and Jackson's army crossed, fighting, and, though Gen. Tyler's brigade came up, our force was still less than 5,000 to the salve are also 2000 to 2000 ame up, our force was still less than 5,000 to nearly or quite 20,600 rebels. Col. Backley of the 29th Ohio was badly wounded and cap-ured, and our loss was probably greater han Jackson's, though his was heavy. Jack of course tought to clear his road and es cape over the Blue Ridge before Fremont cape over the Base Ridge before Framoni rould come up in his rear, and this he accom-plished. He was too wise to fight longer. Framoni reached Port Rebubble that day, but the bird had flown. Jackson probably takes out of the Vailey a little more than half the force with which he rushed upon Kenly and Banks ten or twelve days before. But for Carrolla ergs of independent to the burging Carroll's error of judgment in not burning the Fort R-public bridge on his arrival at that bace, his army would probably have been aught between Shields and Fremont and lapersed. It could hardly have been capsed. It could hardly have been cap-because in that wooded mountainous untry, every cowpath of which is known the rebel leaders and strange to ours, such army could have scattered and mainly es-led, but its artitlery and baggage would been lost, and regiments of stragglers

must have failen into the hands of the pur-suers. We should also have recaptured our officers whom Jackson is carrying off.

On the whole, Jackson's raid down the Val-ley and race out of it are among the most string episodes of the war. We presume ow beyond successful pursuit. - N. I.

We may add relative to the battle near Republic the following: -FREMONT'S HEADQUARTERS, PORT

The army advanced early this morning in of battle, but finding no enemy, proceed-in column through the woods and over the miry to Pert Republic. Everywhere were dences of the completeness of yesterday's tesses. The battle was fought at Cross

and takes that name. The rebel loss was greatly superior to ours, by left their dead and many wounded on feld. Not less than 500 dead were found, d many wounded. Two of their guns for left benedicted.

NEWS ITEMS.

Something New.—Mr. C. W. Danchower, of Allentown, while recently on a visit to the Lehigh mountain, discovered a smail tree, about three feet in height, bearing real ripe cotton. He dug it out and brought it home, and transplanted it into his garden, where it seems to thrive. It has since been inspected by quite a number of people, all of whom pronounce it a curiosity, no one ever having seen or heard of anything like it. It is altogether unlike the Southern cotton plant or our wild cotton.—Heading Times.

Senators Wilson recently stated in the Senate that there had been a list prepared of men in the army, and the aggregate was 617,654, but we had a large number at home on leave and sick, and he supposed we had about 500,000 effective men in the field. (Probably 400,000 is nearer the mark.)

Commander Charles S. Boggs, of the United States gonboat Varuns, which was sunk in the recent engagement with the enemy at New Orleans, where he attacked thirteen gunboats of the rebels and sunk six of them, is a native of New Brunswick, New Jersey. When a lad, he told his father he wished to go into the navy. His father said to him:—

"You are too clumsy. You would fall into the water from the deck." The next morning his father saw him on the roof of the house; be had climbed the lightning-rod, going up hand over hand. His mother was a sister of the gallant Lawrence of the Chesapeaks.

Col. Ellet in command of the ram fleet at Memphis, is the Charles D. Ellet, civil engineer, whose pamphetes criticising Gen. McCleilan and urging the construction of the steam rams and iron-clad vessels some time ago, gained him considerable notoriety.

Singular Experient—The Vineyard Gazette says:—"Miss Angeline Smith, of this town, and Capt. John Smith, recently of New Bedford, eloped from this place on Tuesday night. The young lady was engaged to a Mr. Appleby, late Steward of ship Splendid, and they were to have been married on Wednesday morning. The fair lady, who has borne a good reputation, sat up with Mr Appleby until ha

minutes before 12. They proceeded to Holmes' Hole, where they took steamer for New Hedford. Capt. S. is upwards of fifty, and not very handsome at that."

Tire London Daily News has an editorial on the financial position of the United States, and says it furnishes a striking proof of the constancy of a free people, and the true wisdom of their rulers in relying on that constancy. It defends the public credit of America from the calumnies which have been directed against it.

Tire advice of the rebel newspapers to the people of Louisiana to burn all their cotton as a means of "making Europe howl," reminds us very much of what happened during the Irish insurrection of 1798. The notes of John Claudius Beresford, a banker in Dublin, and a bitter loyalist, were in widespread circulation among the community. In order to "ruin the bloody Orangemen," as they said, the rebels burned every note of his they had in their possession and every on the visid their hands upon. Admirable spite!

TURPENTINE FROM PETROLEUM—Recent London papers state, that scientific experiments made there, have resulted in extracting turpentine from petroleum. The process is said to be a safe one, and it is added that the turpentine obtained by it can be produced at one-third the price tha has been heretofore paid for the same article from the Carolinas. This would seem to be confirmed by the fact that painters in this country, have, since the war began, used napths, one of the purposes to which turpentine was formerly applied.

The Californians manifest great uneasiness on account of the increasing immigration of Chinamer. Since the present year com-

THE Californians manifest great uneasiness on account of the increasing immigration of Chinamen. Since the present year commenced 57,020 more Chinamen have arrived at San Francisco than have departed from the state, and the last advices from China brought intelligence that more than a dozen ships were about to sail with a full complement of passengers. It is believed that the Chinese population of the state will be increased more than 100,000 in the course of the present year.

present year.

All the remaining Union prisoners confined at Salisbury, N. C, have been released from confinement, and are now on their way

north.

The President, by proclamation, offers nearly four millions and a half acres of land in Oregon for public sale in October.

The principle being recognized that medical officers should not be held as prisoners of war it is directed that all medical officers so held by the United States shall be imme

diately and unconditionally discharged.

Low Lyons had an audience with the President on the 13th, being on the eve of his departure for Europe, to be absent for several weeks. A LARGE lot of cream of tartar, which was

sent to the Cincinnati market a short time ago, has been discovered to be largely adul-terated with plaster of Paris.

Durning this year 2,000 colored people have

left this country and emigrated to Hayti, principally settling at Port au Prince, Cape Hayti, Port de Paix, Aux Cayes, Gonaives

and St. Mark.

CAPT. BONAPARTE.—We are authorized to say that the statement in the news from France, per steamer Africa, that Capt Bona parte, formerly of Baltimore, is serving in t Mexican expedition, is untrue.—Balt Sun.

A REMEDY FOR SMALL POX.—Dr. Frederick W Morris, resident physician of the Haifax Visiting Dispensary, N. S., has written a letter to the American Medical Times, ten a letter to the American Medical Times, in which he states that the "Sarraceina Porpurea," or Indian cup, a native plant of Nova Scotia, is the remedy for small pox in ail its foims, curing in twelve hours after the patient has taken the medicine. That "however alarming and numerous the cruptions, or confluent and frighful they might be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of the disease. If ettier vaccine or variolous matter is wasted with the infusion of the sarracenia, they are deprived of their contagious preperties. So mid is the medicine to the take that it may be largely mixed with sarracena, they are deprived or their conta-gious properties. So midd is the medicine to the taste that it may be largely mixed with tea and coffic and given to connoiseeurs in these beverages to-drink without their being aware of the admixture. The medicine has been successfully tried in the hospitals of Nova Scotia, and its use will be continued.

ABBAHAM'S BURIAL-PLACE --- While the ABRABAM'S BURGAL-FLACE. The Both the Latter were released, as the vice soits obtained permission to visit the cave of Macpilah, Abraham's burnal place. They are were actively burtifying the capital, and they are due field. Not less than 500 dead were found, and many wounded. Two of their guns were left beaind, which we explured this first Christians who have been allowed to enter it since the Crossiles, nearly 700 gears ago. Dr. Stanley says everything its killed. Capt. Gittenan, of Cluserett's staff, was killed. Capt. Gittenan, of Cluserett's staff, was severily wounded. No other staff officers were wounded. No other staff officers were wounded. The rebel wounded were found in every house along the road. Ambulances, wagons,

EXTRAORDINARY MACHINE.—A most extraordinary machine, of much importance to bankers, and indeed to all who use paper money, has just been invented. It is designed for microscopic writing. This enables a person to write in the usual way, and to duplicate his writing a million times smaller; so small, indeed, that it is invisible to the naked eye, yet with a powerful microscope becomes so plain that every line and dot can be seen. The inventor claims that with this instrument he can copy the entire Bible twenty-two times in the space of an inch. Our largest library could be transferred to a sheet of note paper. Practically it will be of great service in preventing forgeries. With one of these machines, a private mark can be put on bills so minute and perfect that the forger can neither perceive nor imitate it, but the bank clerk or broker knowing where to look can at once detect that the bill is not genuine. The machine is the invention of a Mr. Peters.

THE RAM FLOTHLIA.—This new arm (or beak) of the navy, which rendered such signal service in the decisive action near Memphis, consists of eight craft. They are mostly steamers razeed and altered by covering their sides with two thicknesses of live oak timber, each being about eight inches thick. The prows are iron-plated and quite sharp. They have powerful engines, as may be seen from their crushing effect when they struck the rebel vessels. Instead of heavy guns, they carried numbers of sharpshosters, whose firing among the rebel gunners was exceedingly effective. Two of the rebel vessels appear to have been sunk outright by the shock of the rams. One consequence of this novel and terrible onset of rams and gunboats was, to throw the rebel fleet into unmanageable confusion, so that their Little Rebel ran into and shaved off the wheel of their Gen. Price, which in turn discharged a crushing broadside interface the fleet length. THE RAM FLOTILLA.-This new arm (or which in turn discharged a crushing broadside into the Gen. Lovell.

Generous and Noble.—A few nights ago, one of the ladies of our city, a passenger on the Metropolis, while coming from New York with some siek and wounded prisoners, seeing that they were not cared for as her generous nature would dictate, and learning from them that the want of the inner man was the strong est, called the stewart of the boat to her, and said: "Can these men have supper?" "No, marm, there has been no provision made of that kind by the Government, and we cannot provide these unless we provide all." "Can you get them suppers if I will pay for it?" "Yes." "Very well, do so." The supper was accordingly got, with all the delicaces on hand. No stint, but the best, for which the sum of \$150 was paid. No one was informed of the act—no herald or newspaper reporter was there to proctaim it. One of the recipients of her noble bounty is the author of the above.—Fall Ricer Press. GENEROUS AND NOBLE. - A few nights ago,

ANECDOTE OF GEN. McCLELLAN -A gen. tleman connected with the army of the Po-tomac, while before Yorktown, wrote a let ter to a friend in Toledo, from which the Blade takes the following extract, showing the activity and zeal of the commander-in-chief, and the grounds of his favoritism with

the activity and the grounds of his favoritism with the army:—

"General McClellan is very active. I will relate an incident that came under my own observation. I was orderly for Gen. Peck; he and Gen. McClellan started with seven hundred men in the night, and three up under the enemy's guos, some entrenchments Gen. McClellan dismounted from his favorite horse, took hold of the spade, and laid out the ground for the men to work at. He said to the men—'I have worked on the rail read, and you see I am used to shovelling dirt."

MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.

The line is the serior of Geo. B. McClellan, Major General Commanding having the organ blower's occupation is not already gone, there appears a fair prospect that the period is not very remote when the organist may dispense with the services of his "assistant." In the new Methods Episcopal Church, on Tremont St., Boston, the organ blowing is performed by seder-power—a small stream of Cochituate being introduced, which does the work adbeing introduced which does the work adbeing the degree of the produced which does the work adbeing the degree of the produced which does the work adbeing the degree of the produced which added the produced which degree of t

—By order of the Secretary of War, the Department of the Mississsippi is extended so as to include the whole of the states of Kentucky and Tennessee. All the officers on duty in those states will report to Major-General Halleck.

The Mountain Department is extended.

The Mountain Department is extended eastward to the road running from Williams caseward to the road rouning from williams port to Martinsburg, Winchester, Strasburg, Harrisonburgh, and Scaunton, including that place, and from thence in the same direction southward until it reaches the Biue Relige to the southern boundary of the state of Vir-

The Department of the Shenandosh is ex tended eastward to include the Pædmont at the Bull mountain range.

THE U. S. TREASURY NOTES.-Thus far demand notes receivable for \$60,000,000 of definand notes receivable for customs, and \$90,000,000 in notes not so re-ceivable, have been issued. Total outstand-ing amount \$150,000,000. Of this, \$56,500,040 are held by banks and capitaints at a pre-mium. Thus the \$60,000,000 may be regarded mum, Thus the 900 000,000 may be regarded as practically withdrawn from circulation Under existing legislation the Treasury, to meet current expenditures, mainly depends on the ninety mulisons of legal tender notes and on the receipts from customs, hence, at the suggestion of the Secretary of the Treasury, the suggestion of the Secretary of the Treasury. sory, a bill giving authority to i-sue \$150,000, 000 more legal tender notes of not less de nomination than five dollars, a bill has been reported by the House Committee on Ways

MEXICO .- The news from Mexico is to the

LARGE FAMILIES.

A writer in a Historical collection says, is examining the records of the town of Hillerica, Mass, he found recorded the names of twenty six families, consisting of ten children each, twenty families of eleven children each twenty four families of twelve children each thirteen families of thirteen each, five families of fourteen each, one family of fifteen, and one family of twenty one children. To tal, ninety families, of one thousand and forty-three children. Of the family of twenty-one children, there were two mothers. Such cases, it is said, were not rare in the early history of our country.
Dr. Mather mentions one woman who had

twenty-two children, another twenty-three by one husband, nineteen of whom grew to mature man and womanhood. The mother of Gov. Phipps had twenty-five children, of whom twenty-one were sous.

The Rev. John Sherman, the first ministe of Watertown, had twenty-aix children by two wives. The Rev. Samuel Willard, the first minister of Grotton, and afterwads of Boston, and Vice President of Harvard College, had twenty children. Major Simor Willard, his father, and one of the first set tlers of Concord, had seventeen children, of whom nine were sons, and all attained ma ture age and had families.

In Ware, Massachusetts, were two families of twenty-one children each, besides seve ral others numbering ten and upwards. The grandmother of the writer, on the mater-nal side, was of a family of twenty-four children, all of whom grew up, and married, and had families, with one exception, and this one preferred a life of single-blessedness, as he lived a bachelor. Mrs. Easely of Greenville, South Carolins, was the mother of thirty four live-born children, and but twpairs of twins.

Families of modern times have greatly diminished in numbers as compared with those of earlier times in New England.— Women seem to be growing more and more feeble and inefficient, physically, in every succeeding generation. Formerly, girls were about as rugged and robust as boys, and could endure about as much by the way of walking, running, leaping, jumping, &c. Then they spun and wove, knit and sewed; but now factories do the spinning and weaving, machines do the knitting and sewing, and Irish girls do the cooking and washing; and the mothers of sickly, pale, puling children (the fewer of such the better) are just able to ride out, as for walking that's out of the question. When they find the way back to woman's true sphere, and exercise the true functions thereof, woman will again rise to the high, vigorous, healthful state or conditions of the mothers of five generations back from the present. The wife, the mother, so long as she eschews the duties of her high office, can never be what she would be, and is, where she fully meets and discharges these duties. Is it not so? is the query which fathers and mothers,

Casey's Division at Fair Oaks,—The following dispatch has been received from Major General McClellan: HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,)

too, should ponder in this effeminate age.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, J. Thursday, June 5, 1862.
Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—My dispatch of the 1st linst, stating that Gen. Casey's division, which was in the first line, gave way unaccountably and discreditably, was based upon official statements made to me before I arrived upon the field of battle, and while I was there, by several commanders. From statements made to me subsequently by Generals Casey and Naubes, I am induced to believe that portions of the division behaved well, and made a most gallant stand against superior numbers, but at present the accounts are too conflicting to enable me to discriminate with certainty. When me to discriminate with certainty. When the facts are clearly ascertained, the excep-tional good conduct will be properly acknow-ledged.

where-power a small stream of Cochitums being introduced, which does the work ad mirably, without getting the "suiks" and quarreling with the organist. All that the latter has to do is to turn a stop cock, which lets on the water, and the organ bellows are put in motion, and supply all the wind desi-red. In the new church spire of Rev. Dr. Damett, also in the City of Notions, there is a fine chime of bels, which is to be played upon by means of electricity, so that the per-former may cause them all to sound exactly in the respective order he may desire, whi seated at a key board similar to that of an organ.

FROM CHARLESTON OCCUPATION OF JAMES ISLAND—REBEL FORCE ACCMENTED —30,000 OF BEATHEGARD'S THOOSE ARM VAID —A special dispatch from Washington says that Mr. Pierce, the Government Super ntendent of Cotton Lands in South Caro-ins, has arrived there. He left Charleston lina, has arrived there. He left Charleston harbor on Tuesday, the 10th. Our forces under Gen. Benham, had occupied James Island, under the protection of the guntosats. The rebel force at Charleston had been greatly augmented. Deserters say that 30,000 men from Beauregard's army had reached there, and every preparation was making for a stubnorn detence of the city. Com. Dupont thought our attack could not safely proceed until we had a stronger force. There was heavy firing from the enemy during Tuesday, but no apprehension of danger was left from an attack on our troops.

IT It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY. THE WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Reported Surrender of Fort Morgan. FROM MEMPHIS.

MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

From Gen. McClellan's Army.

From Gen. McClellan's Army.

Heatquarters of the Anny of the
Poromac, Saturday, June 14.—To the Associated Press—The movements of the chemy
to-day have been extensive, and as yet are
involved in mystery.

Large bodies of troops have heen seen
moving down from the neighborhood of the
Mechanicaville bridge and Richmond towards
the late batte field.

Mechanicaville bridge and recamond sowards the late battle field.

Our pickets were yesterday driven in from Old Church, during which Capt. Royall, of cavalry, was wounded, showing that the enemy design making a demonstration in that direction.

A contraband who came in yesterday reported that a force of 8,000 cavalry left Richmond on Wednesday, proceeding in the direction of Fredericksburg. This is proisably the force which appeared at Old Church.

The rebels opened at daylight this morning a sharp fire from artiflery in front of Gen. Sumner.

umner. It leated for about three hours. We had It issued for about three hours. We had only one man killed and one wounded.

A number of prominent citizens, living between New Kent Court House and the Chickabominy, have been arrested by order of Col. Ingalls, on suspicion of communicating with the openers.

with the enemy.

There is no doubt that the rebel generals are duly advised of every movement of our roops by the people who have remained at home. The weather is bot and sultry. Dispatches received on the 14th at the War

Dispatches received on the 14th at the War Department, states that a demonstration was made yesterday evening by a force of rebel cavalry and artillery on the right flank of Gen McClellan's army, at Tunstall's station, apparently with the intention of interrupt-ing his railroal communication. The at-tempt was met by a force of infanty, and the enemy retreated. No damage was done to the railroad.

The War in the Shenandoah Valley, Secession reports from Winchester state that Jackson has fallen back to some defensible point, and received a reinforcement of 70,000 men, 10,000 of whom were to keep Fremont engaged while the remainder were to march down the valley west of North traountain, cut Fremont off and sweep him from the vailey. Credit is given to the ru-mor that Jackson is largely reinforced. Gen. Fremont will be able to resist him success-fully. Gens Sigel and Banks are ready for

his support if necessary.

Arrangements have been made for promptly furnishing General Fremont's army with the requisite commissary and quartermaster's stores.

From Memphis.

From Memphis.

Business at Memphis is slowly reviving \$50,000 worth of rebel property has already been sezzed. About \$150,000 worth of cotton, sugar, &c., are supposed to be concealed. Many absentees are returning. The Mayor and Council are of Union sentiments. Confederate scrip and post stamps are exchanged with difficulty and caution. The Custom-House will be opened shortly. About thirty applications by citizens were made for the postmastership. All applicants for passes or permits to ship goods are required to take the oath of allegiance. It is reported that the rebel Gen. Hindpan, after the evacuation of Corinth, left for Arkansas with all the troops Corinth, left for Arkansas with all the troops from that state. General Pope has reached Okolena. Beauregard and Price are still re-treating. Left Thompson was at Granada with less than a thousand men. The rolling stock of the Memphis and Onio railroad is all at Panola. The post office and Adams's ex-press office have been opened in Memphis. Two steamers left on Saturday for St. Louis, loaded with cotton, sugar and molasses. Some merchants are leaving for eastern cities. Corinth, left for Arkansas with all the troop

Reported Surrender of Fort Morgan. New Yorks, June 14.— The New Oricans Delta, received here by the hast mail, says that Fort Morgan, below Mobile, surrendered to Com. Porter's mortar fleet on Thursday, the 29th nlt.—The other New Orleans papers do not mention the report.

Aid to the Starving Southerners.

St. Louis, Mo., June 11 - Nearly \$6,000 worth of provisions and money have been subscribed here for the starving southerners about Corinth. \$3.500 worth of provisions was forwarded on Wednesday; and another made to day

Miscellancous.

The rebels at Charleston have nearly ready The reducts at Charleston have nearly ready for launching two steel plated rams.

The bridge across the Potomac at Harper's Ferry has been completed. The railroad to Winchester will soon be ready for use.

Notice has been given to each of the various churches in Washington, without

regard to denomination that their building regard to denomination that their binidings will be used for military purpose off necessary. The health of New Orleans up to the lat-inst, was generally good. The sugar cane-blantations below the city-look west. The slots and towboats are resuming their voca-tion between the city and the Southwest Pass. The rebels are reported to have about

The relicia are reported to have about 75,000 effective troops around Richmond.

The Sonta Fe mail, with dates to the 1st inst, arrived at K mass City on Saturday. A skirmish had taken place ovar Fort Craig, tetween a company of Colorado troops and etween a company body of Texans. The latter had four kill A rebal Post-office, lifteen miles south Norfolk, which had been a link of communication between Norfolk and Richmond, wa

broken up last Pridey.

The feeling between the military authorities of Nortok and the critizens is improving. A dozen Union schooners are in port leading

Authority has been given to raise a regi-ment of volunteers at Portsmouth, for the war.

Foreign News.

The steamers Bavaria and China being European intelligence to the Station. The division of the French army new left in Rome consists of three brusades under Gen. Montalio. The Prossian Ambassador is a arrived at Paris. The sits crop of France is a success. The Spanish Chamber of Deputies were about to have the documents relative in Frighting a quantity of crackers left by the Maine regiment on the road, they were about to have the documents relative in Mexican affairs hid before them. All differ naversacks and knapsacks near Middletown. Taking off their parts, and tying the ends of each leg, they filled them with crackers, and proceeded on their march in their under the ting, with their novel haversacks be striding their shoulders, to the Potomac.

The saik crop of France is a success. The Spanish Chamber of Deputies were about to have the documents relative in Mexican affairs had before them. All differ verment have tree natisfactority arranged. Prince-Napoleon was well received at Naples on the frontiers. It is runnered that Napleon contemplates a protectorate of Mexico. The Poccupine is to take woundings for the Atlantic telegraph. The E. Fishing in the runner of the prince is a protector of the prince is a Nap from contempistes a protectorate of Mexico. The Poccupine is to take soundings for the Atlantic telegraph. The E. Fishing arrived at Liverps of with a cargo of room and turpentine from Charleston. The owner of the Circassian asserts that the vessel had nothing reality contraband aboard, and was legimately chartered for a voyage from Borland played by machinery."

deaux to Havana. A cargo of salt left Liverpool for New Orleans. Other vessels are
soon to follow. The French Empress was
expected to pay a private visit to England.—
The Italian Government has resolved to form
alx new brigades of infantry. Assaria contunes to concentrate troops in Vessels. The
Italian Chambers approve of the course of
the Ministry An official document at Madrid
relating to Mcx can affairs, which was published, produced an impression little favorable to Gen. Prim. The Electer of Hesse
Cassel has accepted the resignation of the
Ministry and the principal Ministerial functionaries. The House of Commons have dechied on the motion against the Government
for a reduction of the Government expenditures. A general agitation has commenced at
East Lancashire.

Lord Brougham has warmly complimented
the Federal government for the new slave
trade treaty. The freedom of London has
been voted to Lord Canning for his services
in India. France and Russia reject the proposition of the Porte relative to the Church of
tine Holy Supulcare, at Jerusalem. New
ministries are to be formed in Greece and
Hesse-Cassel. The Chinese rebels have been
twice defeated with great loss, but were receiving large reinforcements from Nankin.

kind to the wicked; to the good Thou hast already been sufficiently kind in making them

They tell the story of a young lady of temperate habits in Portsmouth, who was advised by her physician to take ale to fatten herself up. She bought a quart bottle of the article, and drank a teaspoonful twice a day in a tumbler of water!

13" How much there is in one minute, when one minute extends over the whole world.

tw A man who owned a lot in Sacramento, California, during the late floods, went to see if his fence was washed away.-He found that he had lost his fence, but had caught a fine two-story house, which made him a good deal more than square in the

TW WARM AND COLD COLORS -- A subscriber asks the meaning of sours and cold colors. Warm colors are those which partake more or less of red; cold colors are those from which red is entirely absent.-Blue is decidedly cold; so is green, in a ra-ther less degree. The warmest colors are red and orange.

EN HARD ON "OLD NICK."-A speaker at one of the anniversary meetings in Boston, in referring to his Satanic Majesty, styled him " the original Jefferson Davis."

& A very worthy and pious old dame, who could not read, had several books loaned to her, which she got a little sir! to read to her. The deacon of her church loaned her "Pigrim's Progress," and a nephew a copy of "Robinson Crusoc." Having them read alternately, the dame got the texta little mixed up; and when the deacon called upon her and asked her how she liked " Pilgrim's Progress," he was somewhat surprised when she replied:—"It's a marvellous book, truly; why, what big troubles him and his man Friday undergoed!"

2 #" When Madge was a very little girl, her father found her chubby hands full of the blossoms of a beautiful tea rose, on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," said he, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of these flowers without leave?" "Yes, paps," said Madge, innocently, "but all these had

leaves."

We have failed to discover in careful readings of the newspapers, that any northern ship owner has burned his vessel in reta ligition for the destruction of cotton by the rebels. The latter will give us credit for forbearance under great aggravation, no doubt.

137" A remarkable transaction took place the other day in a village in the west of England. A man of large fortune died, and directed in his will that his horse should be caparisoned and led to his grave, as I there shot and buried with him, that he might be ready to "mount at the resurrection, and start to advantage." This was actually per-

24" The art of killing makes wonderful bably as little understood now as it was a thousand years ago.

IN DECOVERY OF AN ASSESSE CITY IN CENTRAL AMERICA. It is reported from Gautemala, that the ruins of an immerse city have just been discovered there con taining a very large number of fine specimens.

I Simpler not others because they have dandered you; bite not a repule because you

A horse how, with which six acres a day can be planted, and the potatoes can be . hard as well as turrowed and dovered, has been introduced.

In matters of considere, the first nights are the lant; in matternet prudence

The United States are represented in Lendon Exhibition by 70 exhibitors in 13 the industrial classes.

Let In good menty, we are required to coliging things to one mother, in gen teel society, we are required only to say

Clar 881. If it is a good thing to honor dead mints and the hereman of our fathers, it is a etter thing to henor the saints of to day, the live heromm of men who do the battle when the battle is all around us - Parker.

In these days when sacks are fashionable female dresses, a gentleman may bethankful to the only who gives him the sack, and its contents LE A would be wag in Milwankee tied a

ag across the pavement of a street, intendng to trip some unwary passer-by-but a ale afterwards, having occasion to go that way bloself, forgot all about his joke, and picked up a broken nose from the pavement. 40" An Irish editor, residing at Taum, launing the invention of everything, from potatoes to porheen, for the Green Isle, gravely claims the pianoforte and he does it thus; The planeforte of the present day is simply the Irish harp, placed horizontally in a box,

Commi l report Ie sys: entayle en hun-enta, but rest and we sup-chinents disted of by a pa-lost rife

me and rrogant a. The d, were

distinct loh, the all the fluishin one he much ON. nmonly entmu-

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author

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Popu-& Co., T. B. May. hila.

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OLD LETTERS.

WRITTEN POR THE BATURDAY EVERING POST BT MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

With pleasure half akin to pain, I take them from their secret place And many a dear remembered face Looks smiling up in mine again.

A goodly pile! but solled and worn, and this, whose characters are dis-In precious, for it same from him never from my heart was torn

Alas! my thoughts go fugitive! oncet heart his handsome face-His winning smile-his courtly grace In memory's sanctuary live!

And here is one - a tender tie Between the living and the dead Alm! what fond hopes perished, Low in her grave together lie!

The loveliest of little girls, Sends sweetest messages in rhym-Deal tenderly with her, oh, Time Best lightly on her sunny curls

A bride writes from her new cetale Oh, Love! dim not one glowing line, Who maketh glad or desolate!

A gentle missive true and kind ; Yet he who traced it lieth cold Beneath the shroud's unloving fold That all he loved are left behind.

And Kate, dear Kate, whose port heart Went out in sweet and tender words Melodious as the song of birds When Spring's first buds and blossome start

I cannot check the rising tears For blessed memories of her, My gentle friend my connectior-Gone from me all these weary years

Alse! alse! fate worketh ill. When loving faces come to meet, When loving hearts divided best, The living on and loving still.

Sorrow or sacrifice imparts Something divine to human hearts.

Another voice my spirit stire Again the faded ribbon tie. A sound these sweet remembraneer

Ob. troubled heart! what the the rest Hath tokens of the tried and true, There yet remains the unto you A love abiding to the last!

THE DEATH-BED PROMISE

From the darkened chamber where Philip Stourton's wife lay sick of a mortal disease. the doctor had taken his departure, after gentle but ominous words, and husband and wife were face to face in "the valley of the shadow of death" Buoved up to the last with hope, that might ebb and flow, but had never wholly foresken them, the doctor's warning fell heavily indeed on their hearts; and the pangs of parting came upon them with premature unlooked for hitterness.

"I could have wished to live a little longer with you," said the sick lady, in a momentears, "and not to leave the bonnie little children se seen with no mother to care for them, but, Philip, you will promise this, it is my dying request-do not put them in the power of a mother who is not their own, such are always cruel. For the memory of me, dear Philip, for the sake of the children, promise me not to marry again.

Philip Stourton was silent; he felt all the onerous conditions which a promise of this his wife- and he loved her devotedly-vet he now what his partner could not see, that in depriving himself of his free will to act, he might be creating for himself a life-long bur- his heart and from his hearth faded the dark den and sorrow. But his wife renewed her shade which fell upon them when his dear in a passion of tears, besought him not to refuse the request of one so near to the grave. With those dark, beseeching, dying eyes upon him, he could not deny the petition he swear that he would be faithful to her memory, and never wed a second wife; and tourton toos the oath his reluctance vanquished by an importunity which it seem ed almost cruelty to resist.

The nurse who tended Philip's wife was a woman of a peculiar temperament, strictly and with a strong self will. She was an old servant, had been in the family of Mrs. Stourton's father many years, and had been select ed to accompany the young lady at the marriage. She had a sincere attachment to ber mistress, who trusted and favored her, and when the fact became known that Mrs. Stourton could not recover, her grief was violent and uncontrollable. On the day following the some above described, Philip Stourton walking almost noiselessly into his wife's sick chamber, observed the nurse bending over the poor invalid, and taking from her hands a letter, whilst some whispered instructions were being given as to its careful delivery -His entrance seemed to disturb them som what; but he was too heavy of heart to heed

anything except the pale face which looked wistfully at him from the pillow. It was a sorrowful day, for before it closed his young wife died in his arms.

During the months of desolate solitude which followed his bereavement, the circumstance of the promise he had given never once recurred to his mind. The great grief swallowed up all minor responsibilities of life. His loss was irreparable, his sorrow in- and, as we are all apt to do, overvalued the olable; with his heart sealed up, as he ences which nature brings to bear upon us

in our misfortunes, though slow and ellent is and, unsequainted with the true state of thrice, and linguisted over it, as though en- from, and perceived too plainly that he had gree than he had thought possible grew to but a pleasant, intelligent intercourse he their merriment became less grating to his valued because of this shadowy danger cars. There were times, too, when his dispoforgetfulness of the past, of hopefulness for the future. The children found a kind bu strict foster mother in the nurse; and hi household was a fairly ordered household yet, though not the bright and complete one which he knew before the speiler had tre-

So Philip Stourson lived through his trouble, and found, after a white, in his children, his calling, and his books, both 'comfort and tranquillity.

In his profession of an architect, he worked steadily and successfully; he loved it because he excelled in it, and labor of any kind blunt ed the sense of pain and loss. A wealthy manufacturer had employed him in the erec tion of some extensive business premises, and afterwards of a private mansion; and on the completion of the latter, arranged a pleasant party to celebrate the circumstance. To this feative gathering the architect received a kindly worded invitation. Philip debated with himself whether he should accept it, and finally concluded to do so. His wife had now been dead two years, during which time he had altogether refrained from society. In his happier days he had been anything but a recluse, for a gay and buoyant temperament had made him the favorite of many circles; and now the natural desire to mix with men once more began to find a place in his mind, His promise occasionally recurred to memory, but had hitherto caused him no embarras ment or uneasiness. It was no fear on this score that had influenced his mode of life hitherto; and he thought not at all of the circumstane when he consented at last to break in on the sectusion which had become habitual. Once under the roof of his hospitable friend, Phi lip's mind quickly took a coloring of cheer fulness and gavety in keeping with the scene This gayety was, in fact, its most natural phase, and long constraint served no doubt to make each pleasurable impression more vivid. It has been said that he was well fitted to shine in such gatherings; he seemed to regain all his old newers on this occasion. Had the reunion been specially and cunningnto the circle of living sympathies, the object could scarcely have been accomplished more effectually. The lights, the music, the wine, conversation and reparter, the fair and happy faces about him, made up an atmosphere which a nature like his could not long And when Philip returned to his sombre hearth, the shadows seemed less

dense, and his life more lovable than before; dium of inward feelings, and to these human intercourse is like sunshine. But was there special reason beyond for this revulsion in Philip Stourton's mind? He might have answered there was no other; but it was whispered that bright glances had shone upon and fracinated him. Pshaw '-glances, indeed! Yes, but they were Honor West wood's glances, and Honor was a very levely

She was the niece and ward of Mr. West wood, their host; his heiress, also, it said. Philip admired her beauty, felt per haps a little flattered by her favor. But he was not to be taken by the first pretty face that chanced to look his way. Not in the

But I'hilip had or made an errand to the great house within a few days, when an opportunity was afforded to him of judging whether he had not overestimated the young lady's beauty and courtesy on his first visit a matter which curiously interested him, and nature involved. However much he loved exceedingly favorable to the lady were the conclusions he came to.

Then more than once or twice or thrice did he repeat his visit, and gradually from

One night, after a prolonged vont to the Westwoods, Philip Stourton returned home and sat down in his silent study with a flush ed and troubled brow. He tried to read, but promised. Nay, she begged him even to after turning a page or two the book wa thrown aside, and he sat with thoughtful eyes before the fire, absorbed in reverie. Not very pleasant were his reflections, to judge from the muttered words that excaped him new and then, betraying the theme on which his thoughts were busy. He had subjected himself to an influence which few can long resist, more especially when the mind has been acted upon by sorrow and solitude. II found himself auddenly in a forbidden realm tempted by beauty, affection, companionship feelings universally welcomed as the highest good of earth. But he was under disabilities he was not free to choose like others; his promise stared him in the face. A wild mood of passion and remorse, and unavailing repentance perhaps for his rash promise, tool cossession of his mind, and made the long ours of that night sleepless. He was not a deeply enclaved but that he still retained sufficient control over himself to take what was undoubtedly a wise resolution, if he desired to preserve inviolate the pledge he had given his lost wife.

Honor Westwood wendered when the summer evenings came and went, but brought not the wonted and welcome guest. To wonder succeeded disappointment, and to disappointment, the hitter, though only half-acknowledged pangs of slighted love. Would he ever come again? What discourtesy had few words, penned, evidently, by an illiterate mory and tortured her mind in vain. In Philip's absence she bronded over his image, merits of what she seemed to have lost, till Ask him about the promise, the oath he took

Mr. Westwood missed Philip Stourton too, There was no signature. Philip read it

Grieving constantly over his loss, Philip's him. And what did Philip? With the sorrow grew less poignant. His children be faculty of self-delusion which is common to came more dear to him, and to a greater de us all, he resolved to visit his friend; it was supply the place of his dead wife. By degrees | sought; was it manly to shun the society he Honor Westwood was nothing to him; he sition recovered its natural tone; intervals of would go. He went, and in that peculiar mood of mind it may be easily guessed with what results. His early impressions were in tensified, a passionate love took root in him sgainst which all his struggles were unavail ing. But the lady was changed too; now, Philip had come back, she manifested a cer tain reserve. He felt the change, and was piqued. Instead of accepting the opportu nity thus offered, and placing the intimac on a footing more consumant to his sense of luty-as had he been at one with himself on the subject he would have done be deter mined to combat and overcome this estrange ment. He succeeded. As his visits grew more frequent, Honor Westwood's manner resumed its old grace and warmth, till her uncle began to take note of such small cir cumstances as ied him to suspect that h niece and his architect were well, no matter -Honor was of age, mistress of a small for tune, and Philip Stourten was an estimable man and his good friend. Smooth as regarded outward influences was the course of Philip's love-making, but his own mind was irresolute and distracted. He felt the fasci nation which had seized upon him grow day by day in power. He knew that he was pal tering with a sacred engagement which he had never proposed to himself to break through, yet he would not terminate the dangerous intimacy, and he dared not look be yond the present hour. He worked hard at his profession, crowded task upon task, pur posely allowing himself little flection, but he gave blind way to his impetuous feelings whenever chance or choice led him to Honor's side. He did not neglect his own home; but the nurse (now housekeeper), to whose management his domestic concern were intrusted, was far from being satisfied with the state of affairs, and spoke out her mind as she was in the habit of doing. " The motherless children were slighted. Busines -if it was business that absorbed Mr. Stour ton-should not swallow up home duties and if it was gay company that attracted him, it was still less excusable." These remonstrances she did not scruple to make to Philip's face, and far from being silenced by his rebukes, let fall expressions which show ed a knowledge of the attentions he paid his fair acquaintance, and inveighed bitterly against second marriages. This was suff ciently inselent, but Phillp did not care to re sort to the obvious remedy. Her well-tried fidelity, and the auxious care with which she watched over the welfare of his children, for hade her being sent away; so her insubordi nation was endured, and her prate and caprices passed over as necessary evits. There came a time, however, when Philio'

vacillating purpose became fixed, though probably in an opposite direction to what th real balance of his confused feelings inclined him. On a quiet winter evening he and Honor met once again. It might be she was kinder to him than usual, or he himself more susceptible. However that might be, her seauty and the scarcely concealed favor with which she regarded him so far conquered. that before they parted he had asked her to become his wife. And on the morrow, while his mind was filled with conflicting emotions of love and remorse, Honor wrote to him,

urse. Poor Philip Stourton. He had taken a step, however, which seemed irrevocable, and he rushed blindly on to the end. Like a man engaged in the commission of a crime, he resolutely evaded reflection on the course he was pursuing, though he could not prevent his thoughts from playing at a distance, as it were, round the forbidden point. In incessant labor he endeavored to escape self-examination, inlemaifying himself with long evenings of delicious companionship, when conscience, which should then have stung the sharper, ras baid to sleep by the all-powerful blandish

ments of the hour After a while the marriage day was fixed. and the preparations for it were begun. The fact was whispered about, and resched the ears of Philip's housekeeper; but strangely enough that ready tongue of hers for once was mute, though her feelings were any thing but placid, to judge from her stormy

One evening, after a laughing dispute about ome intended matrimonial arrangement, Honor suddenly remarked

nature of that promise you made your late wife? I have received a curious anonymous letter about you, which I suppose I ought to

Philip's face grew white : he was not able to affect unconcern, the onset was so tinexpected, and so deadly. He remained silent. breathing burriedly like a man in pain. Honor was rather startled when she ob-

erved the effects produced by her words, and said "I am sorry, dear Philip, if I have grieved

you by my question, but I have indeed received a letter containing some vague accu sation or other against you. I give not the slightest credence to it, however; neither do I ask you to explain anything, if to do so would be disagreeable to you. I can trust you, Philip.

"You have trusted me, Honor, more than I deserve," said Philip; "let me look at the Philip Stourton's housekeeper was taken

She handed it to him; it contained but a person, and ran thus :-

"You are about to be married to Philip Stourton, I hear. You have no right to him.

their operation, are in the end irresistible. | affairs, at last sent a pressing summons for deavering to take some resolution in his heard the truth. A peculiar expression came own mind. He looked at Honor at last, and over the pale hard features of the housekeeper

"Could you marry me, Honor, if you knew I had broken a promise such as the letter mentions ?"

Honor trembled a little; but after a short use, simply said, Well, perhaps I could, provided it were

a very bad case." "A death-bed promise—an oath?" said

The lady was ellent for a moment, and her eyes began to fill with tears.

"What have you been doing, Philip? What do you mean? Must you break an oath in marrying me?" "I must," ground Philip. "I promised my wife on her death-bed not to marry again.

She had no right-I feel it now-to impose such a burden upon me. I had no right so to pledge myself; but I did. It is irrevocable; no one can relieve me of it." " I will not marry a man who has perjured uself," said Honor, "You have been cruel,

very cruel to tempt me so far for this. I cannot marry you now, Philip," she repeated; and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed bitterly, and left the room. Philip. too, stole away, crushed and miserable; in Truth, loyalty, self-respect, you are but

thin shades dwelling in a human breast, ightly esteemed, seemingly of little power; out when you depart, the pillars of the world eem to have fallen in, so weak and desolate are our lives without you.

If Philip had been less scrupulously honorable, if in his heart he had attached as little weight to the promise made to his wife as his ecent course implied, he need not have seen his hopes fall in ruin about him as they now appeared to do. It was not that he lacked he ingenuity to avert it. It had crossed his mind, of course, to deny the vague accusation ontained in that miserable scrawl, to impute uslice and falsehood to the writer. Who was o know what transpired between him and his wife at such an hour? And Honor Westwood would have been a lenient judge, although in her secret heart she had believed him guilty; but when confronted with his to them than a stepmother could be? How offence, conscience reasserted itself, and con strained him to admit the truth

Philip went straight home to his study, and here sat down. By and by he got up hastily nlocked a secretaire, and drew out some thing which glittered in the dull light of the amp. It was a pistol. He placed it on the table at his elbow, and turned his pale check and absent eyes towards the fire. Did he see faces there, as we all do occasionally, when magination is busy and judgment in abey nce? Perhaps he did. The gentle face, it may be, of his dead wife, earnest, loving, de precating the evil deed he meditated. The faces, perchance, of his children, touched with dread and wonder, appealing to him not to leave them helpless to the scant mercy of the world. However that might be, a change ame over his face before long which augured better mind, and he put the shining losthme weapon back

On the morrow, though his reflections were bitter enough, the despair which had given birth to that dark thought of the previous night no longer haunted him. It was true that there was an end forever of his hopes for Honor, but now at least he could face conscience once more. He was even glad, amidst his disappointed passion and poignant sense of humiliation, that he had been prevented from completing his design. The authorship consenting. It made him very happy of of the anonymous letter perplexed him, though his suspicious finally parrowed down upon his own housekeeper. Yet how could she have possessed herself of the secret? Hi wife, he felt certain, would never have communicated to her what took place at that troubled interview, but it was possible she might have overheard. He took measures to ascertain, if he could, the truth; but they were of no avail. The woman's sullen an swers revealed nothing, and Philip ceased at last to question, though not to suspect her.

With stern self-discipline, Philip weaned himself from everything connected with his infortunate passion, hoping to find, as or before he had found, in labor, solace and forgetfulness. The struggle, though sharp, was in a measure successful, and ke calmed down by degrees into content. It would have been harder to him had he seen how dim the fair Te keep him from the light glare, both his cheek face of Honor grew beneath the cruel blow dealt her in her trustfulness; and had he heard the anologies she made for him to her own heart, he would most surely have been tempted back. Her sex naturally, it may be The little naked feet drawn up the way assumed, would deal lightly with such an offence. A woman perhaps was wronged, And tender, -to the little holdfast hands, By the way, Philip, what was the but a woman was the gainer and promises are but words. Honor was angry with him, Had kept the mould of t. -Mrs. Bre it must be confessed; but rather because he be tempted. "She had no right to exact such a promise; he had no right to give it; but the fault was hers. Oh, Philip, had you urged this as some would have urged it, I think I should have forgiven you." So mused the woman he loved; and it was well for Philip he could nibbles, and by a slight twitch is landed safely

With great chivalry of character, Honor never disclosed to her guardian the cause of the abrupt termination of their engagement; and he naturally attributed it to some petty quarrel originating in a difference of disposition. "You must make it up, Honor," he said more than once. "Write to Philip, and bring him back." But of course Honor never wrote, and Philip never came.

Several months had passed away, when seriously ill. Meeting the doctor after one of his visits, Philip asked how his patient progressed. "I will not disguise from you," was the

reply, "that she is in great danger. I fear she will not recover." "I trust you are mistaken, doctor," Philip

The same evening Philip visited the sick- whiten the blackboards,

when she observed his entrance, and there was an anxiety in her manner of replying to his inquiries which attracted his attention.

" Are we alone?" she asked.

Philip replied in the affirmative. "I wished much to see you. I know I shall not live long," she continued; "and there is a matter nearly concerning you, of which I feel it my duty to speak-something about your late wife, my beloved mistress." Her voice was steady, her manner resolute.

but she passed, as if debating with herself whether or not to proceed. Philip asked if she referred to the letter received by Honor Westwood.

"Yes, to that, and something beside. Mark, sir, I do not confess I have done wrong. I do not believe it, and I do not repent of what I have done. But if I had lived. I should have broken silence some day, and I feel I have no right to take my secret out of the world with me. Listen; I nursed Mrs. Stourton when she was a child, and I loved her. Before she died, she called me to her, and confided to me how in the first dreadful moment when the knowledge of her fate came upon her, she had exacted from you an oath that you would never marry again. She told me that in a calmer hour she had considered and repented of that act, but that the subject was too painful to be revived betwixt you again. She intrusted to me a letter which she had written to you, and enjoined me to deliver it to you when she was dead. That letter I never deli-

Philip was struck dumb by the avowal the old affection and the new bone, both starting to life at the sound of the dying wo man's voice, clashed together within his heart.

The housekeeper went on:

" Of second marriages I do not approve and I do not believe they are happy ones. It was enough for me that my darling wished you not to marry again. She might unsay the words, but she could not unsay the wish. and I followed her wish. Had you not your children to console you, and was I not better ever, I am leaving you now, and you may work your will. I wrote the letter to Miss Westwood. I do not say forgive me for all this, for I have prayed to heaven for guidance, and my conscience does not condemn

"Nurse, you have acted a strange part; I might reproach you, save that you are so near to the time when you will be judged by a higher power. Where is the letter you have withheld "

The sick woman put her hand beneath the pillow, and drew it forth. Philip took it and silently left the room.

In the silence of his study, with a beating heart, he opened the letter, which seemed in truth like a message from the dead. With difficulty he deciphered the loving, sorrowful words that his wife's dying hand had traced to free him from his fetters. Amongst many blurred passage of tenderness and regret, there was no word of reservation; he stood fully absolved from his cath.

Men's hearts will not cease to beat with eve and passion though never so faithful a friend or dear companion is spirited away from their sides. The dead are not forgotten, nor are their memories profaned beause we who are left, impelled by irresistible instincts, seek out in the living world those who can best compensate us for our loss. It is but selfishness, after all, that commands us to remember yet forbids us to restore, and

> Set our souls to the same key Of the remembered harmony

It was not long before Honor Westwood had to weigh another proposal, urged with greater earnestness and new credentials; nor was it long before the bells rang out a merry marriage peal for Philip Stourton's second nuptials.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

The yearling creature, warm and moist with life To the bottom of his dimples, -to the ends Of the lovely tumbled curis about his face: For since he had been cover'd over-much-The shepherd's heart blood ebb'd away into. As instant! in the pretty baby-mouth, Close shut as if for dreaming that it suck'd ; Of nostled birdlings : everything so soft Which, closing on a finger into sleep,

Two WAYS OF FISHING -- When men en fishing for trout, they take a light, tapering pole, with a fine silken line attached, and sharp hook with a sweet morsel of worm on the end. They noiselessly drop the line on the water and let it float to the fish, which upon the bank. But when men go fishing for souls, they tie

a cable on to a stick of timber, and an anchor is the hook. On this a great chunk of bait is stuck, and with this ponderous machine grasped in both hands, they walk up and down thrashing the water, and bellowing at the top of their voices, "Bite or be damned."

the great tragedian, Charles Kean, in "Hamtruth."-Home Journal. let." It was the first time he had seen that noble tragedy, and on being asked how be liked it, he said-"Haw! it's a very clever play; but I think it's too full of quotations." half of the seventeenth century, when the

Some Hibernian whitewashers recentconsolable; with his heart seeled up, as he merits of wast sac recurs to have loss, till fancied and wished, against consolation, he in this way her half-formed attachment ripenboth."

to his wife who is dead. God will visit you said; "I could ill afford to lose her, she has been a most faithful servant."

mar school houses in Lowell, so far exceeded both." ly employed to whitewash one of the gramSUCCESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO,

We may say that success is a hideous thing. Its counterfeit of merit deceives men. To the mass, success has almost the same appearance as supremacy. Success, that pretender to talent, has a dupe-history. Juvenal and Tacitus only reject it. In our days a philosophy which is almost an official has entered into its service, wears its livery, and walts in its antechamber. Success; that is the theory. Prosperity supposes capacity. Win in the lottery and you are an able man, The victor is venerated. To be born with a caul is everything. Have but luck, and you will have the rest; be fortunate, and you will be thought great. Beyond the five or six great exceptions, which are the wonder of their age, contemporary admiration is nothing but short-sightedness. Gilt is gold, To be a chance comer is no drawback, provided you have improved your chances. The common herd is an old Narcissus, who adores himself, and who applauds the common That mighty genius, by which one becomes Moses, an Æschylus, a Dante, a Michael Angelo, or a Napoleon, the multitude assigns at once and by acclamation to whoever suc ceeds in his object, whatever it may be. Let s notary rise to be a deputy; let a sham Cor neille write Tiridate; let a cunuch come into the possession of a harem; let a military Prud'homme accidentally win the decisive battle of an epoch; let an apothecary invent pasteboard soles for army shoes, and lay up, by selling this pasteboard instead of leather for the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, four hundred thousand livres in the funds; let a pack-peddler espouse usury and bring her to bed of seven or eight millions, of which he is the father and she the mother; let a preacher ecome a bishop by talking through his nose; let the steward of a good house become so rich on leaving service that he is made minister of finance ;-men call that Genius, just as they call the face of Mousqueton, Beauty, and the bearing of Claude, Majosty. They confound the radiance of the stars of heaver with the radiations which a duck's foot leaves

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THE REARD AND WESTERN PHYSIOCNOWY.

One of the brightest men we are acquainted with, on this planet, sent us a note, the other day, commencing thus:-

"A man is to be with you, to-morrow, whom you should know, if you do not-Thorpe, the 'Bee-Hunter,' the orator, wit, journalist, efficient man of business and modest politician-really a person of singular originality, sagacity and integrity; though very positive in his tastes, as you will see by what I enclose.'

The enclosure was a criticism by this gen-

tleman (Colonel T. B. Thorpe) upon one feature of Leutze's picture at the Capitol-the giving of beards to his figures of Western men. What he says upon the subject (in a letter to the Times) seems to us worth the preserving :- "'The True Pioneer of the West' is the most genuinely American character we have; it is the only one, in fact, in our national development, that is free from the influences of foreign contact-and the physical appearance of the genuine Western man is unmistakable, and most harmonio with his thoughts and pursuits. Now we understand that the 'two studies' alluded to made by Mr. Leutze, are remarkable for having a profusion of hair about the face and head; if this is so, we say, unqualifiedly, that any face with a profusion of hair or beard, introduced in Mr. Leutze's picture of ' West ward the star of Empire takes its way'-if the actors are intended for Western menwill be incorrect and historically false, and must, therefore, mar the perfection of his design. The long beard, as an appendage to the face, is not the sign of the laborious man; it is natural to the dreamy Orientals; the conquerors of the world, including the Greeks, Romans, Anglo-Saxons, and the real representatives of the American pioneer, discarded the long beard for the most natural of all reasons, it was in the way of their ac tive pursuits. The American backwoodsman has never worn the beard. He may have, in times of uncommon excitement, allowed it to grow for a few days, but at the first favorable opportunity it was removed as a nuisance. The form and physiognomy of the Western man are as naturally the product of their stock as are the forms and expressions of the different varieties of blooded animals. The long, lank figure, sunken cheeks, straight, strong hair of the American woodsmen, inherited from progenitors, who have made, in their founding of empires, exercise, long marches, privations, starving, and meat diet, the characteristics of their lives. With such an origin, obesity, long glossy curls, waving braids, or any of the signs of luxurious civils zation are impossiblities. Mr. Lincoln is a first-rate specimen of the true Western man. Mr. Clay, in our own hearing, said his soft hair did his otherwise Western appearance injustice. Parson Brownlow, one of the most genuine and perfectly American cha racters of this war, is another true specimen of the Western man: truly so, physically and morally; and these three men named, of the great West, represented in beards or long hair, would be simply disgusting. Since Mr. Lincoln has become Presideat he has worn whiskers, but it was an it novation upon the custom of his life, and the traditions of his people. Let Mr. Leutze, if A young officer of the Lord Verisopht he would do himself and the nation justice, thool recently went to Drury Lane to see discard the scutimentalities of art, and paint

> A curious change in the comparative aristocracy of livelihoods, was in the latter English yeomanry began to yield precedence to the commercial and manufacturing classes.

Five hundred dollars reward is offered the expectations of their employers, as to for a newspaper correspondent who corres ponds with the truth.

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there is a But it's s teeth a nor say ruse last uldn't fir The consy to de harles Cl in them

without he they p harles co il necks; iely end find a char Verital ore. Tod Tist.

Oh, was Hold yo " dead." Who's d Charley

ind in the Oh, that

THE SANCTITY OF LOVE.

I love! and Love bath given me Sweet thoughts to God akin, And ope'd a living Paradise My heart of hearts within : Oh, from this Eden of my life God keep the Serpent Sin

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I love! and into Angel-land With starry glimpees peer! I drink in beauty like heaven-wine, When one is smiling near! And there's a rainbow round my soul For every falling tear,

Dear God in heaven! keep without stain My bosom's brooding dove: Oh, clothe it meet for angel arms, And give it place above! For there is nothing from the world I yearn to take but Love.

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF " DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLIL

AN OFFICAL CEREMONY INTERRUPTED.

A gray dusky morning, enveloped in fog, succeeded to the fine night. Before 7 o'clock as watchful and alert are boys when mischief is agate-most of those who had been in the conspiracy were assembled and waiting round the school-room doors; generally, ey could tear up at the twelfth moment. They would not have missed the sight of Charles Channing's arrival for half-a-crown piece, so curious were they to see how he ooked, after his fright. As it happened, it was not at any of their homes that inquiries ad been made the previous night; not one of them was, to say, intimate with Charley: they were mostly older than be. Consequently, hey knew nothing of the search. Tod Yorke, who did know of it, had not yet arrived: of Il the king's scholars, none were marked more frequently than Master Tod.

Tac senior boy had gone to the head master's for the keys as usual, and now came own the cloisters clanking them in his hand, "Has Charles Channing turned up?" he called out, before he was well abreast of

Pierce senior choked away his inclination laughter, which the sound of the name exd, and saucy Bywater answered : Where should he turn up from, Huntley

llas he been swallowed?" "Hamish Channing came to our house last

night, ages after I was in bed, saying they couldn't find him," replied Huntley. " What ouldn't find him," replied Huntley. was in the wind last night with old Cal-The boys looked at him demurely; and

lantley, getting no reply, unlocked the chool room and entered it. They remained chind, winking to each other, and waiting till for Charles. It wanted yet a few minute

"I say, what d'ye think?" whispered By-"After I had got our sheet smuggled n, all right, and was putting it on the bed, I and two big holes burnt in it. Won't there a commotion when my old aunt finds it at! She'll vow I have been reading in bed. That was you, Pierce senior!"

"I'm sure I never burnt it," retorted Pierce. "It was the flame did it, if any-

Here comes Bill Simms?" exclaimed Bywater, when their smothered laugh was over What has he been doing to himself? He's s white as the ghost!"

Mr. Bill Simms assuredly did look white. He had a pale face at the best of times, and was embellished with straw-colored hair. but at the present moment it had turned ghastly, and his frame seemed all of a shake is he came along.

What on earth has taken you, Simms?'

nanded Hurst.. was well out of this! They are saying there's

ege boy drowned!" What?" cried the boys, gathering round

There was a crowd down by the boatse as I came along," responded Simms, as ell as he could speak for his chattering teeth. didn't rightly know, but he thought one the college boys had been found drowned

Some of the gentlemen listeners' faces arned as pale as Mr. Bill Simms's; as pale as

It's not obliged to be Charley Channing, here is any one drowned.

But it's sure to be him," chattered Simms, teeth as crazy as his grammar. " Griffin nior says Arthur Channing went to their se last night at twelve, and said they aldn't find Charley."

The consternation into which this episode news plunged the guilty ones, it is not arles Channing who was drowned overthem all. School-boys are not quite thout hearts, and they would have given lay there howling. they possessed in that moment, to see me of them began to wish they were withnecks; for if Charles had come to an unand a chance of furnishing employment to veritable Mr. Calcraft on their own Tod Yorke came leaping up in de-

Oh, wasn't it good! The young one-Hold your noise, Tod! They are saying

Who's dead?" wondered Tod.

Charley Channing. A college boy id in the river, drowned."

"There's seven! We must go in, or Hunt-ley will be on to us. Mind!" added Pierce senior, for he was the speaker, "we must all keep each other's counsel, and be in one talethat we know nothing at all about it." They slunk into school. But that the

'It oun't be, you know. Who says it?"

senior boy was occupied with his new dutythe calling over of the roll-he might have observed something was wrong. To play up a bit of mischief is the legitimate privilege of college boys; but to have led to a companion's death, is a terror-stricking affair; and their countenances betrayed that it was. Before the roll was finished, the head mas-

ter was in school. Tom Channing-it was late for him-entered afterwards. The master beckoned to him.
"Is Charles found?"

"No, sir. We cannot get any tidings of him at all. We have not been to bed, any of us; and the police are searching also." Had Tom Channing come from the other side of the Boundaries, near the boat-house, perhaps he might have been able to give a different

The master made no comment then. He motioned Tom to his desk, and gave the word for prayers. As the boys were rising from their knees, Hamish Channing entered the school, attended by Mr. Ketch.

Hamish approached the master, who shook hands with him. Ketch remained snarling and grinning deflance at the door, shaking his fist and his old teeth covertly at the boys If looks could blow up a room, the college school had certainly gone aloft then.

"I hear you have not found the boy?" said the master to Hamish. "It is very sin gular."

"We have not found him. Mr. Pye," continued Hamish gravely, "I come to demand of your courtesy an immediate investigation into the doings of the college boys last even-ing. That the disappearance of Charles is in some measure connected with it, we cannot do otherwise than think. I have brought Ketch with me that he may tell his tale,"

Ketch was marshalled forward and or dered to tell his tale, and the business of the school was suspended. Ketch told it in a distinct way enough; but he could not fo bear enlarging upon his cruel disappoint-ment over the tripe and onions, and it sent the school into convulsions. In the midst of it Tom Channing breathed freely; Ketch's preferring the complaint did away with the unpleasantness he had feared might arise, through having been forced to disclose it to the master.

"I should be sorry to get displeasure visited upon any of the boys," resumed Hamish indeed. I should esteem it a favor, sir, it you will not punish them for any disclosure that may arise through this step which I have taken. I dare say," he added, turning his laughing gaze upon the lot, "that I should have been one of the ringleaders my self, in my school days, therefore it would not be fair for me to bring punishment upon them. I only wish to know which of the school were in it, that I may make inquiries of them whether Charles was one, and, if he was, what they know of his movements after

The address was fair and candid; so was Hamish's face; and some of the conspirators, in their good feeling, might have freely confessed, but for something just whispered to them by Simms. That closed their lips.

"Do you hear!" said the master, speak-ing sharply, for he had rather, ten times over, that the school frankly avowed mischief when brought to book; he was never half so se

"Why are you silent?" Bill Simms, who had the bump of conscientiousness very large, with a wholesome dread of consequences, besides being very timid felt that he could not hold out long. "Ob, murder!" he groaned to Mark Galoway, next to whom he sat, " lets tell and

have done with it." Mark turned cold with fear.

"You're a pretty fellow!" he uttered, giving him a tremendous kick on the ships. would you like us all to be tried for our lives?" which suggestion made matters worse; and Bill Simms's hair began to stand | comon end

"Huntley, have you any cognizance of

this?" demanded Mr. Pye. " None, sir." And so said the three seniors

not one of you sufficiently he nest to speak, when required so to do?"

wh conscience. Bywater was the first to faces and their cyclids. As to Bill Simms, he from around. The head master took his felt fit to faint

> ning?" thundered the master. "Where have motion was heard at one of the desks, and you put him? Where is he gone? I com- Stephen Bywater rushed forward. mand you to speak! Let the senior of those who were in it speak! or the consequence be upon your own heads."

The threat sounded ominous in the ears of Bill Simms; he saw himself, in prospective, dropped powerless by his side, and he turned exposed to all the horrors of a dungeon, and his astonished gaze upon Bywater. y to describe. A conviction that it was to something worse. With a curious noise, something between a bark and a groan, he tlung himself with his face on the floor, and

"Mr. Simms," said the master, "what has tall and lanky. And a flogging is not much tles come flying among them, as usual. taken you? Were you the chief actor in to my skin," added honest, impudent By. cried out." this?

All considerations had disappeared from Mr. Simms's mind, save the moment's terd a chance of furnishing employment to

Mr. Simms's mind, save the moment's terror. He forgot what would be his own posi"In a great measure I was, or. If I do go tion in the school, if he told, or-as they would have expressed it-turned sness. Im- suffer for it. Little Channing had offended swered "The half-hour channel out from pelled by fear, he was hardly conscious of his me, and I wished to serve him out. But I the college just after, I forget words, hardly responsible for them.

"It wasn't me," he howled. "They all know I didn't want the trick played upon him. I told them that it had killed a boy down by our farm, and it might kill Channing. They know it, they do." Oh, that be hanged!" exclusioned Tod,

" Walk here, Simins."

half in mocking disbelief, half in awful fear. Simms picked himself up from the ground and walked there. A miserable object he looked; his eyes red, his teeth shaking, his face white, and his straw hair standing on end.

The master leaned his arms upon his desk, and brought his face nearly into contact with the frightened one.
"What trick did you play upon Charles

Channing ?" "Twasn't me, sir," sobbed Simms.

didn't want it done, I say. O-o-o-o-o-h. I didn't! I didn't!" "What trick was played upon him?"

"It was a ghost dressed up to frighten him, and he passed through the cloisters and saw it. It wasn't me! I'll never speak again if it

"A ghost!" repeated the master in astonishment, while Ketch stretched his old neck forward, and the most intense interest was displayed by the school.

They did it with a sheet and a blue flame," went on Simms; who, now that the ice was broken, tried to make a clean breast of it, and grew more alarmed every moment It wasn't me! I didn't want it done, and I never lent a hand to the dressing up. If little Channing is dead, it won't be fair to hang me."

"Who was in the plot?" was the next question of the master. And Simms enume-rated them. The master, stern and grim, eckoned to the several gentlemen to walk up, and to range themselves before him.
"The lad has run some distance in his terror," observed the master aside to Hamish, as he remembered what Judith had told him the previous night. " You will see him horns in the course of the day."

"I trust we may!" replied Hamlsh, with marked emphasia.

Bit by bit, word by word, the master drew the whole truth from the downcast lada. Pierce senior looked dogged and obstinate he was inwardly vowing unheard-of revenge against Mr. Simms. Probably most of them

were doing the same.
"I knowed it was them! I knowed it couldn't be nobody but them?" broke forth old Ketch, summarily interrupting the pro-"You sees now, sir, what a incorcecdings. rigible-

"Silence!" said the master, raising his hand, "I can deal with this without your assistance, Ketch. Hurst, who concocted this infamous plot?"

Hurst—who was the senior of the con-

spirators, with regard to his position in the school, though not so old as Pierce seniorcould not answer it definitely. It was con-cocted between them, he said; not by one more than by another.

"Did you not know that a trick, such as

this, has deprived men of reason?" continued the master. " And you play it upon a young and defenceless boy! I am at a loss how to express my sense of your conduct. If any ill shall have happened to him through i you will carry it on your consciences for

Remembering what they had just heard. the boys' consciences had begun to twitch

"Who personated the ghost?" continued the master.

"Pierce senior." The answer came from Simms. The others would not have given it "I might have guessed that," was the renark of the master, who had no great love for the gentleman named. "I might have known that if there was a boy in the college

chool who would delight to put himself for ward to trample on one younger and more sensitive than himself, it would be Pierce senior. I'll give you something to remember this work, Mr. Pierce. Yorke. Gerald Yorke knew what he was called

or. He was the tallest and strongest of all. The school knew; and a murmur of excite ment went round. Pierce senior was going

Only in very flagrant cases was the extreme punishment of flogging resorted to by the present master. It had been more common with his predecessor. Of course its rarity made it all the more impressive when it did

Pierce turned green and white, without under him.

"Boys!" said the master, bringing his to obey. There might be no resistance. The help from any blue flame, and slowly began her room, and told him what she had heard; cane down upon the desk in a manner he school hushed itself into suspense, and Mr. I asked a fellow what it was, and he said was accustomed to do when provoked, "I Ketch's legs were on the point of taking a will come to the bottom of this business. That | dance of ecstacy. A minute or two, and the several of you were in it, I feel sure. Is there group formed the centre of the upper part of the room; Yorke supporting the great boy whose back was bared, while the daunte-Certain of the boys drooped their conscious faces and eager eyes were strained eagerly place, and his birch was raised in the air to "What have you done with Charles Chan- come down with a heavy stroke, when a com

"Stop, sir !" he said to the master. will let Pierce go, I will take the punish ment.

The master's arm with its weapon of war

"I had more to do with planning the trick than Pierce had, sir, so it's only just that I should be the scapegoat. We fixed upon Pierce to personate the ghost because he was water.

"So you were the planner of it, were you, "In a great measure I was, or. If I do go in for mischief, it shall not be said I let others

never thought to do him harm." In the perplexity of deciding what he she knew he could not clearly comprehend ought to do, when official processings were over hight the fact of the fleet-sounding

ment there occurred another interruption, I

and a more serious one.

Diggs, the man who lived at the boathouse, had entered the school, and was ask ing to speak to the head master. Catching sight of the signs of the ceremony about to be performed, he waited for no permission, but went forward at once, a college cap in his hand, and his voice trembling with excitement. Its excitement was not lessened when

he recognized Hamish Channing. "I am the bearer of bad news, gentlemen," he said, addressing them both. "I fear one of the young college lads was drowned last night by my loost borner." night by my boat-house. We have picked up his cap this morning. It was poor little Mas-

ter Channing."

Hamish controlled his emotion better than did the Rev. Mr. Pyc. The latter turned his eyes on the horrified school, himself equally orrifled, and then signified to Pierce senior to dress himself-to Bywater to retire to his place. "The affair has become serious," he observed, "and must be dealt with differently. Poor child! Poor little Channing!"

And the boys, in their emotion, broke into an echoing wail-"Poor little Channing! poor little Channing !"

CHAPTER XLIII.

DRAGGING THE BIVER

The wailing echoes of lamentation were dying out in the high roof of the college school. Hamish Chauning, pale, but calm and self-controlled, stood perfectly ready to investigate the account brought by the boathouse keeper of the drowning of Charles.-The feelings of those who had had a hand in the work may be imagined, perhaps, but certaisly cannot be described. Bill Simms cho-ked and sobbed, and pulled his lanky straw hair, and kicked his legs about, and was altogether beside himself. The under masters looked on with stern countenances and low ering brows; while old Ketch never had such disappointment in all his life (the one grand disappointment of the previous night's supper excepted) as he was feeling now, at the put-

ting off of the flogging.

Diggs, the boat house keeper, was a wi dower, with one child, a girl of ten years old. His mother lived with him - an aged woman, confined to her bed of late with theumatic fever, from which she was slowly recovering. On the previous night Diggs was out, and the girl had been sent on an errand, Mrs. Diggs being left in the house alone. She was lying quietly still, as was the air outside, when sudden sounds broke that stillness and smote upon her ear. Footsteps-voung steps they seemed-were heard to come tearing down on the outside gravel, from the direc tion of the cathedral, and descend the steps. Then there was a plunge into the river, and

tartiing cry.
The old woman echoed the cry, but there were none to hear it, and she was powerless to aid. That a human soul was struggling in the water was certain; and she called and called, but called in vain. She was shut up in the house, unable to move; and there were none outside to hear her. In her grief and distress she at length pulled the bed-clothes it was to be heard) of the death-agony.

Twenty minutes or so, and then the girl came in. The old woman took her head from underneath the clothes, and stated what had occurred, and the girl went and looked at the river. But it was flowing along peacefully, showing no signs of anything of the sort having happened. Not a creature was on the path on either side, so far as her eyes ould reach in the moonlight; and she came to the conclusion that her grandwother must have been mistaken.

'She do have odd fancies," said the child to herself, "and thinks she bears things that

nobody else never hears. At ten o'clock Diggs came home. Now. this man had a propensity to yield to an infirmity to which many others also wickedly yield-that of drinking too freely. It is true this did not often occur; but when it did happen, it was usually at a time when his services were especially required. It is very "Make ready," said the master to Pierce much the same in this world; we are apt to senior, unlocking his desk and taking out a do things, whether good ones or had ones, birch as hig as a whole besom. Just at the wrong moment. Diggs arrived at just at the wrong moment. Diggs arrived at home stupid. His old mother called him to but she could make little impression upon him. As his young daughter had done, he took a survey of the river, he taking it only from the windows of the house the girl had nto bed, and slept heavily until the morning

Up betimes, he remembered what had been old to him, and went out of doors, half ex pecting, possibly, to see some corpse floating

on the surface. "I was detained out last night on an er rand," explained he, to some three or four stragglers who had gathered round him, and when I got in my old mother told me as if somebody had fell into the river. It that the drags would get hold of his legadon't look much like it, though

"A dead dog, maybe," sugarested one of the dlers. "They be always a throwing rubbish into this river on the sly."

"Who is?" sharply asked Diggs. "They had better let me catch 'em at it"

"Lots of folks is," was the response. "But if it was a dead dog, it couldn't well have

Diggs went in-doors to his mother's cham-"What time was it, this tale of yours?" asked he

"It was about half-past seven," she an which." And then she related again what How did it happen? Did he fall in " water afterwards, perhaps—but at that mo- they come direct from the west do t -

boy's cap, known from its form to belong to with him, and continued talking.

one of the collegiate scholars, had just been "It's a good thing all the world's not of one of the collegiate scholars, had just been found under the lower bank, lodged in the mud. Then somebody had been drowned! and it was a college boy!

Where does a crowd collect from? I don't believe anybody can tell; but that we can't see their descent, it might be supposed they dropped from the skies. Not three minutes after that trencher was picked up, the people were gathering thick and threefold, retired though the spot was; and it was at this time that Mr. Bill Simms had passed, and heard the tale, which turned his heart and his face

Some time given to supposition, to one ments, and to other gossip indigenous to an ovent of the sort, and then Mr. Diggs started for the college school with the cap. Another messenger ran to the Channings's house, the name in the cap showing to whom it had beonged. Diggs related the substance of this to the master, suppressing certain little points bearing upon himself.

Mr. Pye took the cap in his hand and looked inside. The name, "C. Channing," was in Mrs. Channing's writing; and in the sprawling hand of one of the school-boys—it looked like Bywater's—" Miss" had been added-Charley had scratched the addition over with strokes from a pen, but the word was distinct

"The river must be dragged, Diggs," said

Hamish Channing.
"The drags are being got ready now, size

They'll be in, by the time I get back." Hamish strode to the door. Tom came up from his desk, showing some agitation, and looked at the master. "You will allow me to go, sir? I can do no good at my lessons in this suspense."
"Yes," replied the master. He was going

The school rose with one second. The m ler masters rose. To think of study in this excitement was futile; and, in defiance of all precedent, the boys were allowed to quit the room, and troop down to the river. It was a race which should get there first; masters and boys ran together. The only one who walked pretty soberly was the head master. He had

o uphold his dignity.

The drags were already in the river, and the banks were lined; police, friends, spectators, gentlemen, mob, and college boys jostled each other. Arthur Channing, pale and agi-tated, came running from his home. The old vergers and bedesinen came, some of the clergy came; Judy came; and the Dean came Hamish, outwardly self-possessed, and giving his orders with quiet authority, was inwardly troubled as he had never been. The boy had been left to his charge, and how should be answer for this to his father and mother?

He went in and saw the old woman; as die the renowned Mr. Butterby, who had an peared with the rest. She related to them succinctly what she had beard on the previous night. "I could ha' told without having heard it now, that it was the steps of a college boy," she said. "I don't listen so often to 'em that I need mistake. He seemed to be coming from the west door o' the cloisters only that the cloisters be shut at night, so h over her cars that she might hear no more (if may have come from round by the front o the college. Desperate quick he ran, and le'pt down the steps; and a minute after there was the splash and the cry, and the footsteps were heard no more. One might fancy that, in turning the corner to run along the tow ng-path, he had turned too quick, with too wide a sweep, and so fell over the bank."

"Did you hear no noise afterwards? questioned Hamish. "I didn't. I called out, but nobody came nigh to answer it; and then I hid my ears

was afraid, ye see "
They left the old woman's bedside, and re lurned to the crowd on the bank. The Dean mietly questioned Hanaish about the facts mil shook his head when put into pessession of them. "I fear there is little hope."

"Very little My father and mother's alence makes it the more distressing. I know

the decomfiture of everyledy, ellewing the Dean with as little ceremony as he inight have ellowed Ketch, thrusting ande Hameb and looking down on the river with flaming eyes, with working nestrile be but Reland Yorker for that was his usual way of pushing through a crowd, as you have

heard before,
"Is it true?" he gasped, "Is Charles Channing in the water : went there through the tracks of the college boys- of Tod?"

"There is little doubt of its truth, Roland,"

was the answer of Hamish
Reland said no more. Off went his cost, off went his waistcoat, off went other garments, leaving him nothing but his drawers and his shirt; and in he leaped impetuously, before anybody could stop him, and flour dered away in the water, looking after a cock-and-bull story of a cry and a splant. Charles, paying no beed to the shouts

> But neither drags nor ibdand could find Charles. The drags were continued in use, By letter by telegraph our by a special but there was no result. Very few had ex-pected that there would be any result, the ting, and stiently hoped that Hamish would probability being that the current had carried take the task upon himself for she felt nearly the body down the stream. Hamish had unequal to it is her direclistress. Mr. Gallo been home to soothe the grief of his sistersor rather to essay at southing it and then he ing, suggested the telegraph. Hamish ap came back again.

> home to exchange his wet clothes for dry mes. This done, he was flying out again, "I cannot leave Heistonleigh myseli," he when he came upon the Reverend William said; "therefore it must devolve upon Ar-Yorke, who was hastening down to the scape that Of course, his journey will be an ex-

in withe agitation. " Is the to y found, Reland, do you know?

"t madering the light in which you re loway. master hesitated. What he would have done footsteps. "If I didn't know the cloisters to your should waste your breath to ask about with a much scorn as he could a a me

The words were interrupted by a calling Mr. Yorke said no more, only quickened rom below, and the man hastened down. A his pace towards the river. Roland kept up

your opinion, William Yorke! You thoughtto put a slight upon Constance Channing when you told her she might go along for you. It has turned out just the best luck that

could have happened to her."

"Be allent, sir," said Mr. Yorke, his pale check flushing scarlet. "I have already told you that I will not permit you to use Mise Channing's name to me. You have nothing. to do with her or with me." " I'm have nothing to do with her, at any

rate," cried aggravating Roland. "She'll nom belong to your betters, William Yorke. Mr. Yorke turned his flashing eye upon hirs, plainly seking the explanation that he would not condescend to ask in words. It. gave Boland an advantage, and he went on

wimmingly with his mischief. "Lord Carrick has seen the merits of Constance, if you have not; and-I don't mind telling it you in confidence—has resolved to make her his wife. He says she's the pretti-

cet girl he has seen for ages."

"It is not true," said Mr. Yorke, hanghtify. "Not true!" returned Roland. "You'l see whether it's true or not when she's Countost of Carrick. Lady Augusta was present when he made her the offer. He was half afraid to make it for some time, he told us, as he was getting on in years, and had gray hair. Hallos ! you are turning yellow, William Yorke. She can't be anything to you!

You threw her away, you know." William Yorke, vouchsafing no reply, got away from his termenter. He probably did look yellow; certainly he feit so. Roland included in a quiet laugh. He had been waiting for this opportunity ever since he became cognizant of what had taken place between the carl and Constance. The earl had made no secret of his intention and its defeat.

"I'll have some fun over it with Mr. William," had been Koland's thought.

A sudden noise. Cries and shouts on the banks of the river, and the dense crowd moved and awayed about with excitement. Mr. Yorke and Roland set off to run, each from his different point, and the cries took a distingt sound as they neared them.

They have found the body!" It was being laid then upon the bank .--Those who could get near, tried to obtain a glimpse of it. The college boys, with white faces and terror-stricken consciences, fought for a piace. Roland Yorke fought for it; the head master fought for it; I am not sure that the bishop-who had seen the commotion from his palace windows, and came up to know what it meant-did not fight for it.

A false alarm, so far as their present object vas concerned. A little lad, who had been drowned more than a week before, had turned up now. He had incautiously climbed on the parapet of the bridge, whence he fell into the water, and their search for him had hitherto been fruitiess. He was not a pleaand sight to look upon as he lay there; but he telief to certain of the college boys, when they found it was not Charles, was immensurable. Bywater's spirits went up to some of

their old impudence heat. "In looking for one thing, you find an-

other," quoti he " Very true, Mr Bywater! Sometimes we find more than we bargain for. The drags were thrown in again, and the excited crowd jostled each other as before, their faces hang ing over the brink. Hush! Hark! Another prize! What is coming up now?

A rare prize this time! The drags pulled

and tugged, and the men ried. "Heave,

he !" and the hundred and one voices echoed
it. -- "Heave he!" heave he " Hush ' Hush
-- sh -- sh ! A breathless minute of suspense, and up it comes. Amid straw and tangled weeds and mud, and the odds and ends that a river's waters will collect, semething hard and clanking was thrown upon the bank, and wondering eyes and faces peeted over !! Nothing but a pair of keys A pair of large may keys, ted together by a string. Bywater and Hurst and young Galloway. together, and were nearly clocking with fright and suppressed laughter. One stand ing there, conspiles as for his dress, which, among other items comprised in agree, turn et a significant plance on them. Hold By water met it, and looked a little ice hold set, and mean to acepit and he looked away.

Once more were II e drags thrown note the water. Once more the mob, gentle and simple hustled on its brink. When the college bell toiled out for morning prayers, those whose duty it was to attend the cathedral, drew the meeting away nowillingly. Arthur Channing was one. Wnatever might be his grief, his competies chligations must be ful-Dillest

Later in the lay when the search was ser for it was decided uncless to continu and when hope was over, a council was held at Mr Chaining's house. Mr and Mrs. Channing must be made acquainted with this and business but how was it to be done?way, who had been in and out all the mornproved of neither but proposed to dispatch Reland, his arder cooled, had has wese been Arthur, to make the communication in per-

pense, but there are times when expense must not be regarded. I consider this one.

" A letter would go quicker," said Mr. Gal-

interrupted in this unprecedented way, the footsteps, and that they appeared to be young gard the family, William Yorke, I wonder | "Searcely, in these days of fast travelling," was the reply of Hamish. "But that is not is uncertain-flogged Pierce first and By be shut at that hour, I should be' thought B," was Roland's touchy answer, delivered the question. A letter, let it be ever so explanatory, will only put them in suspense .--

ELECTION OF THE RESIDENCE PROSTE AND STATE OF THE

questions will suggest themselves that they will wish to ask, and, to wait to have them Let me confess that what brought me here satisfied, will be intolerable, especially to my mother. Arthur's going will obviate this. He knows as much as we know, and can im- You will forgive my speaking to day." part his knowledge to them."

"There is a great deal in what you say," mused Mr Galloway.

"I am sure there is," spoke Constance through her tears, " though it did not strike me previously. In matume's anxiety and suspense, she might start for home, to learn

"And I think it is what she would do." waid Hamish, "if not my father also. It will be better that Arthur should go. He can tell them all they would learn if they came home; and, so far as it can be, that would be satis-

They were interrupted by the entrance of Mr Huntley and his daughter Ellen had begged her father, when she found he was going to the Channings, to allow her to acempany him, and see Constance in her distress. Mr. Huntley readly acquiesced. The drowning of poor Charley was a serious affliction, in contemplation of which he forgot the ineligibility of her meeting Hamish.

Hamish did not appear to perceive any in eligibility in the matter. He was the fir ake Klien's hand in his, and bend upon ber his sweet smile of welcome. Knowing what Elleo did know of Mr. Huntley's sentiments. and that he was looking on, it rendered her manner confused and her cheeks crimson She was glad to turn to Constance, and strive to say a few words of sympathy. "Had Harry been one of those wicked, thoughtless boys to join in this ghost trick, I could never have forgiven him?" she impulsively ex claimed, the hot tears running down her cheeks.

red to Mr. Huntley, and his opinion request ed more as a form of courtesy than any thing, for Hamish had made up his mind upon the point. A thoroughly affectionate, dutiful son was Hamish Channing; and he believed that the tidings could be rendered more bearable to his father and mother by a messenger being sent, than they could be by any other mode of communication. The excuse that Constance and Arthur had, through out found for Hamish in their hearts was that he had taken the bank note out of laten affection to Mr. and Mrs. Channing.

You are wrong, every one of you," said Mr. Huntley, when he had listened to what they had to say. "You must send neither letter nor messenger. It will not do."

Hamish looked at him. Then what can we send, sir ?"

Don't send at all. Not send at all !" repeated Hamish.

Certainly not," said Mr. Huntley "You have no positive proof yet that the child is dead. It will be alarming them unneces-

Mr. Huntley !" uttered Constance. " Is it possible that you see grounds for hope?"

Honestly to confegs it, my dear, I do not see much ground for hope," he replied. "But, in the other hand, there are no positive grounds for despair. So long as you have from Mr and Mrs. Channing Answer me one thing What good end would it serve,

"Is it not a duty ?"

I do not see it," said Mr. Huntley, " Were the past boy's fate known, beyond oncer tainty, it would be a different matter. If you send and tell them all there is to tell, what would come of it? The very suspense, the doubt would have a had effect. It might bring Mr. Channing home, and the good, al ready effected, might be driven back againh's time, his purse, his hopes, that he has given to the journey, wasted. Allowing that he still remained, the news might check his No my strong advice to you is, Suffor them for the present to remain in ignor-

could be productive of any benefit to thomselves, to you, or to Charles, I'd go off myself. nothing, and, to them, it might result in ill. Until we know something more certain our selves, let us toep it from them." Yes, I see it," and Hamish warmly " It

Constance felt her arm touched, and colored with emotion when she found it was done by the Reverend Mr. Yorke. In this day of distress, people seemed to come in and go the house, staking the dust from his shoes out without ceremony. Mr. Yorke had etc in apper, as he crossed the threshold. Ange tered with Tom Channing. He entirely took up the new view of the matter, and strongly her up, as at Constance Channing; and str advised that it should not be allowed to reach most at the Right Honorable the Earl Mr. and Mrs. Channing. Mr. Galloway, when he was departing,

beckoped Constance into the hall. It was only to give her a private word of friendly sympathy, of advice-not to be overwhelmed. to cling to hope. She thanked him, but it was with an aching heart, for Constance could not feel this hope.

Will you grant me the favor of a minute's

private interview?" asked Mr. Yorke stiffly, meeting her in the hall

Constance hesitated for a moment. He was asking what she felt he had no right to ask She colored, bowed, and stopped towards the | was an early riser, as was Jenkins also, in a drawing-room. Mr. Yorke threw open the her, and followed her in.

Then he became agitated. Whatever his breakfast. On this morning-which was no pride or his temper may have been, whether the one following the application of mustard the parting between them was his fault or to his chest, but one about a week subsequent with an enduring love. Until that morning upon preparing to descend, peremptorily or he had never contemplated losing Constance; dered him to remain in bed. Nothing need he had surely looked forward to some indefi-, he recorded of the past week, save two facts mite future when she should be his; and the Charles Channing had not been discovered words spoken by Roland had well nigh either in life or in death; and the Earl of Mr. Roland hoped they would do.

I would not speak to you on this day, when you are in distress, when you may Jenkins.

As soon as they have read it, five hundred | deem it an unlitting time for me to speak," he | began, "but I cannot live in this suspense. was to obtain this interview with you, quite so much as this other unhappy business

> Mr. Yorke, I do not know what you can have to speak of," she answered, with dignity. "My distress is great, but I can hear what you wish to say.

> "I heard-I heard"-he spoke with emo tion, and went plunging abruptly into his subject-" I heard this morning that Lord Carrick was soliciting you to become his wife.

Constance could have laughed, but for he own distress, agitated though he was.

"Well, sir?" she coldly said, in a little enirit of mischief.

"Constance, you cannot do it," he passion ately retorted. "You cannot so perjure your

" Mr. Yorke! have you the right to tell m I shall or shall not marry Lord Carrick?

You can't do it, Constance " he repeated aying his hand upon her shoulder, and peaking hoarsely. "You know that your whole affection was given to me! It is mine till; I fee! it is. You have not transferred i to another in this short time. You do not love and forget so lightly."

" Is this all you have to say to me!

" No, it is not all," he answered, with om tion. "I want you to be my wife, Constance not his. I want you to forget this miserable estrangement that has come between us, and ome home to me at Hazledon

"Listen. Mr. Yorke." she said: but it was with the utmost difficulty she retained her adifferent manner, and kept her tears from falling; she would have liked to be taken to his sheltering arms, never to have quitted "The cause which led to our parting was that suspicion that fell upon Arthur coupled with something that you were not eased with in my own manner, relating to That suspicion is upon him still, and my ourse of conduct would be precisely the

same were it to come over again. I am sorry you should have reaped up this matter, for can only end as it did before." Will you not marry me?" he resumed.

"No. So long as circumstances look dark on my brother

Constance! that may be for ever " "Yes," she sadly answered, knowing who she did know; "they may never be brighter than they are now. Were I tempted to be come your wife, you might reproach me afterwards for allying you to di grace; and that, I think, would kill me. I beg you not to speak of this again."

"And you refuse me for Lord Carrick You will go and marry him " exclaimed Mr Yorke, struggling between reproach, affect tion, and temper.

"You must allow me to repeat that yo have no right to question me," she said moving to the door, "Ween our engage ment was forfeited, that right was forfeited

with it. She opened the door to quit the ro-Mr. Yorke might have wished further to de tain her, but Judy came bustling up.

"Lady Augusta's here, Miss Constance." Lady Augusta Yorke met Constance in the

hall, seizing both her hands. "I had a bad headache, and lay in bed,

and never heard of it till an hour ago !" she uttered, with the same sort of impulsive kind ness that sometimes actuated Roland. "Is I true that he is drowned? Is it true Tod was in it '- Gerald says he was William, are

Constance took Lady Augusta into the general sitting-room into the presence of the rest of her guests. Lady Augusta asked a hundred questions, at the least, and they made her acquainted with the different points, so far as they were eggizzant of them. She declared that Tod should be kept upon bread and water for a week, and she would go to the school and request. Mr. Pye for the him She overwhelmed Constance with Hamish began to think that Mr. Huntley kindness, wishing she and Annabel would "I know I am right," said Mr. Huntley. few days. Constance thanked her, and If the putting them in possession of the facts found some difficulty in being allowed to refuse

" Here is his exercise book," observed Con with Arthur this hour. But it could effect stance, the tears tilling her eyes, "here i the very place where he laid the pen. Every other minute I think it cannot be true that he is cone that it must be all a dream Lady Augusta took up the pen and kisses

> It it was her way of showing sympathy Mr Huntley amtied "Where's Willia gone?" asked Lady Augusta.

The Reverend William Yorke had quitte as much at himself, for having ever giver Carrick*

CHAPTER XLIV

MR. JENKINS IN A DILEMMA.

I don't know what you will say to me for introducing you into the privacy of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins's bed chamber, but it is really necessary. We cannot very well get along without it. A contagal dispute had occurred that

morning when Mrs. Jenkins got up. She general way; but since his illness he had barely contrived to get down in time for ance's, it was certain that he loved her to that medicinal operation-Mrs. Jenkins Which was pracisely what Carrick had terminated his visit and left Hel stonleigh.

"I'll bring your breakfast up," said Mrs.

tured meckly to remonstrate. "You know! must get up."

"I say you shall not get up. Here you are growing weater and worse every day, and yet you won't take care of yourself! Where's the use of your taking a bottle a day of cough mixture-where's the use of your making the if I had to do Jenkins's work, and my own market scarce of cod-liver off-where's the as well. use of wasting good mustard, if it's all to do you no good? Does it do you any good?" "I am afraid it has not, as yet," confessed

"And never will, so long as you give you body and brains no rest. Out you go by nine o'clock, in all weathers, ill or well, and there you are at your business till evening; stooping yourself double over the writing, dancing abroad on errands, wearing out your lungs with answering callers! There's no common sense in it."

"But, my dear, the office must be attended o," said Jenkins, with much deference.

"There's no 'must' in the case, as far as you are concerned. If I say you shan't go to it, why, you shan't. What's the office, pray, in comparison with a man's life?

" But I am not so ill as to remain away can go yet, and do my work."

You'd be for going if you were in you coffin, you would !" was Mrs. Jenkins's wrath ful answer. "Could you do any good then "But I am not in my coffin," mildly sug

gested Jenkins.

"Don't I say you'd be for going if you were?" reiterated Mrs. Jenkins, who some times, in her beat, lost sight of the precise point under dispute. "You know you would you know there's nothing in the whole world that you think of, but that office! Office office--office, it is with you from morning till night. When you are in your coffin, through it, you'll be satisfied."

"But it is my duty to go as long as I can my dear."

"It's my duty to do a many things that I don't do!" was the answer; "and one of my duties which I haven't done yet, is to keep you in-doors for a bit, and nurse you up. shall begin it from to-day, and see if I can't get you well in that way."

"Hold your tongue, Jenkins. I never say thing but you are sure to put in a 'but.' You lie in hed this morning-do you hear ?and I'll bring up your breakfast."

Mrs Jenkins quitted the room with the last order, and that ended the discussion. Had lenkins been a free agent-free from business obligations-he had been only too glad to bey her. In his present state of health the work of the office had become almost to nuch for him; it was with difficulty that he went to it and did his duty there Even ng, was nearly beyond his strength; even the using betimes was beginning to tell upon him And though he had little hope that nursing himself up in-doors would prove of essential service, he felt that the rest it brought would to him an inestimable boon.

But Jenkins was one who thought of duty before he thought of himself; and, therefore, to remain away from the office, if he could drag himself to it, appeared to him little less than a sin. He was paid for his time and services -fairly paid-liberally paid, some might have said-and they belonged to his master. But it was not so much from this point of view that Jenkins regarded the necessity of going -conscientious though he was as at th thought of what the office would do without him, there being nobody to replace him but Roland Yorke Jenkins knew what he was and so do we.

To be in bed, or remain in-doors, under these circumstances, Jenkins felt to be impossible; and when his watch gave him warning that the breakfast hour was approaching, up he got. Behold him sitting on the side of the It Never had Jenkins felt feebler and weaker. or less able to cope with his increasing i lness, than on this morning; and when Mrs. Jenkins dashed in -- for her quick eyes had caught, down stairs, the sounds of his stirring he sat there still, stockings in hand, unable to help "So you were going to trick me, were you

Are you not ashamed of yourself, Jenkins?" Jenkins gasped twice before he could rely. A giddiness seemed to be stealing over im, as it had done that other evening, un derneath the elm trees "My dear, it is of no use your talking; I must go to the office," h gasped out.

You shan't go -if I lock you up! There!" Jeakins was spared the trouble of a reply. The giddiness had increased to faintness, his upon his hands. In quitting the cathedral sight left him, and he fell back on the after morning service he had joined Mr. Har sed in a state of unconsciousness. Mrs. Jen- per, the lay clerk, and went with him, talkkins rather regarded it as a triumph. She pushed him into bed, and tucked him up.

"This comes of your attempting to disobey me!" said she, when he came round again. I wonder what would become of you, poor, soft mortals of men, if you were let have your wn way ! There's no office for you to-day,

Very peremptorily spoke she. But, lest he should attempt the same again, she determined to put it out of his power. Opening a loset, she thrust every article of his clothing nto it, not leaving him so much as a waist coat, turned the key, and put it in her pocket; yes, and not venturing to remonstrate.

"There," said she, speaking amiably in her glow of satisfaction, "you can go to the office now, if you like. I'll not stop you; but you conveyed to a house of shelter, had had time will have to march through the screets leaving your clothes in that closet."

Yorke just upon his arrival.

loway so," replied she.

"It is of no use to say that," Jenkins ven- | length at the news. "I say, though, that will | exertion; inaction is intolerable to it. Hanever do Mrs. Jenkins! What's to become of this office?

"The office must do the best it can without him. He's not coming to it." "I can't manage it," said Roland, in con

siderable consternation. "I should go dead, "He'll go dead, unless he takes some re

in time, and gets a little good nursing. I should like to know how I am to nurse him, if he's down here all day ?" "That's not the question," returned Ro

land, feeling uncommonly blank. "The question is, how the office, and I, and Galloway are to get along without him? Couldn't he come in a sedan?" " Yes, he can; if he likes to come without

his clothes," retorted Mrs. Jenkins. "I have taken care to lock them up."

"Locked his clothes up!" repeated Roland,

n wonder. "What's that for?" "Because, as long as he has got a bit of life in him, he'll use it to drag himself down here," answered Mrs. Jenkins, tartly. "That's why. He was getting up to come this mornng, defying me, and every word I said to im against it, when he fell down on the bed n a fainting fit. I thought it time to lock his

things up then."

"Upon my word, I don't know what's to be done," resumed Roland, growing quite hot with dismay and perplexity at the prospect of some extra work for himself. "Look here!" exhibiting the parchments on Jen kins's desk, ail so neatly left-"here's an array! Jenkins did not intend to stay away when he left those last night, I know.

" He intend to stay away ! catch him think ing of it?" retorted Mrs. Jenkins. "It is as I have just told him-that he'd come in his coffin. And it's my firm belief that if he knew a week's boliday would save him from his coffin, he'd not take it, unless I was at his back to make him. It's well he has got somebody to look after him that's not quite deficient of common sense!"

"Well, this a plague?" grumbled Roland. "So it is-for me, I know, if for nobody else," was Mrs. Jenkins's reply. "But there's some plagues in the world that we must put ip with, and make the best of, whether we like 'em or not; and this is one. You'll tell. Mr. Galloway, please; it will save me wait-

However, as Mrs. Jenkins was departing, she encountered Mr. Galloway, and told him herself. He was both vexed and grieved to hear it; grieved on Jenkins's score, vexed on his own. That Jenkins was growing very Ill, he believed from his own observation, and it could not have ha pened at a more untoward time. Involuntarily, Mr. Galloway's thoughts turned to Arthur Channing. and he wished he had him in the office still.

"You must turn over a new leaf from this very hour, Roland Yorke," he observed to that gentleman, when he entered. "We must both of us buckle-to, if we are to get through the work.

"It's not possible, sir, that I can do Jenkins's share and mine," said Roland.

"If you only do Jenkins's, I'll do yours," eplied Mr. Galloway, significantly. derstand me, Reland; I shall expect you to show yourself equal to this emergency. Put aside frivolity and idleness, and apply your self in earnest. Jenkins has been in the habit of taking part of your work upon himself, like I believe no clerk living would have done; and, in return, you must now take his I hope in a few days he may be with us again. Poor fellow, we shall find his loss!"

Mr. Galloway had to go out in the course of the morning, and Roland was left alone to the cares and work of the office. It occur red to him that, as a preliminary step, he could not do better than put the window open, that the sight of people passing (especially any of his acquaintance with whom he might ex change greetings) should cheer him on at his hard work. Accordingly, he threw it up to its utmost extent, and went on with his writing, giving alternately one look to his task, and two to the street. Not many minute had he been thus spurring on his industry, when he saw Arthur Channing pass

" Hist-st-st " called out Roland, by way of attracting his attention. "Come in, old fellow, will you? Here's such a game!"

CHAPTER XLV.

A NEW SUSPICION.

Arthur Chaoning was walking leisurely down Close street. His time hung heavily ing, towards the town; partly because he had nothing to do elsewhere-partly because out of doors appeared more desirable than home. In the uncertain state of suspense they were kept in respecting Charles, the minds of all, from Hamish down to Annabel. were in a constant state of unrest. When they rose in the morning the first thought was-" Shall we hear of Charles to-day?" When they retired at bedtime, it was-" What may not the river give up this night?" It appeared to themselves that they were continually expecting tidings of some sort or other; and with this expectation hope would it spring from? Toe only faint suspicion of it, indurged at first, that Charley had been thought the office might be a little better for you parted with the best clerk you ever had rescued in some providential manner, and a little air, when there was so much to do to die out. A few houses there were, halfconcealed near the river, like there are near who would not leave without some attempt Under these difficulties Jenkins did not en most other rivers of traffic, which the police at a passing courtesy, let it be ever so slight, rely see his way clear to get there. Mrs. trusted just as far as they could see, and made a remark to Mr. Galloway that he was Jenkins went instead, catching Mr. Roland whose inmates did not boast of shining reputations; but the police had overhauled these "What's up, that Jenains is not here?" thoroughly, and found no trace of Charley. began free Roland, before she could speak. Nor was it likely that they would conceal a Jenkins is not in a fit state to get out of child. So long as Charles's positive fate rehis bed, and I have come to tell Mr. Gal- mained a mystery, suspense could not cease; and with this suspense there did mingle some Roland Yorke's face grew to twice its usual faint glimmer of hope. Suspense urges to

mish, Arthur. Tom, all would rather be out of doors now than in; there might be something to be heard of, some information to be met, and the looking after it was better than the staying at home to walt for it. No wonder, then, that Arthur Channing's steps would hend of their own accord towards the town, when he left the cathedral morning and after-In passing Mr. Galloway's office, the win-

dow of which stood wide open, Arthur had found himself called to by Roland Yorke.

"What is it?" he asked, halting at the window.

" You are the very chap I wanted to see, cried out Roland. "Come in! Don't be afraid of meeting Galloway; he's off some where. The prospect of meeting Mr. Galloway

would not have prevented Arthur from en tering. He was conscious of no wrong, and he did not shrink as though he had committed it. He went in, and Mr. Harper proceed ed on his way.

"Here's a go !" was Roland's salutation .-Jenkins is laid up."

It was nothing but what Arthur had ex pected. He, like Mr. Galloway, had observed Jenkins growing ill and more ill.

"How shall you manage without him? asked Arthur; Mr. Galloway's dilemma being the first thing that occurred to his mind "Do you know?" answered Roland, who

was in an explosive temper; "I don't. If Galloway thinks to put it all upon my back, it's a scandalous shame! I never could do it, or the half of it. Jenkins worked like a norse when we were busy. He'd hang his head down over his deak and never lift is for two hours at a stretch !- you know he would not. Fancy my doing that! I should get brain fever before a week was out." Arthur smiled at this.

"Is Jenkins much worse?" he inquired. "I don't believe he's worse at all," return ed Roland, tartly. "He'd have come this morning as usual, fast enough, only she locked up his clothes."

"Who ?" said Arthur, in surprise

"She. That agreeable lady who has the felicity of owning Jenkins. She was here this morning as large as life, giving an account of her doings, without a blush. She locked up his things, she says, to keep him in bed. I'd trick ber, I know, were I Jenkins. I'd put on her flounces, but what I'd come out if I wanted to. Rather strange they'd be for him.

"I shall go, Roland. My being here only hinders you.

"As if that made any difference worth counting! Look here!-piles and piles of parchment! I and Galloway could never et through them, hindered or not hindered am not going to work over hours! I won't cill myself with labor! There's Port Natal, thank goodness, if the screw does get pu upon me too much "

Arthur made no reply. It made little diference to Roland; whether encouraged or

not, talk he would. "I have heard of folks being worked beyond their strength; and that will be my case if one may judge by present appearances. It's oo bad of Jenkins " Arthur spoke up; he did not like to hear

blame, even from Roland Yorke, cast upon hard-working, patient Jenkins, "You should not say it, Roland. It is not Jenkins's fault."

"It is his fault. What does he have such wife for? She keeps Jenkins under her thumb, just as Gallowny keeps me. She locked up his clothes, and then told him he might ome here without them, if he liked; my belief is, she'll be sending him so, some day Jenkins ought to put her down. He's big enough."

"He would be sure to come here, if he were qual to it," said Arthur.

"He! Of course he would!" angrily reorted Roland. "He'd crawl here on all him. She knows it, too. She said this morning that he'd come when he was in his coffin should not like to see it arrive!"

Arthur had been casting a glance at the papers. They were unusually numerous and began to think with Roland-that he and Mr. Galloway would not be able to get through them unaided. Most certainly they would not, at Roland's present rate of

"It is a pity you are not a quick copyist." he said. "I dare say it is !" sarcastically rejoined

Roland, beginning to play at ball with the wafer-box. "I never was made for work: "You will have to do it, though, sir," thur dered Mr. Galloway, who had come up, and

was enjoying a survey of affairs through the open window.

Mr. Roland, somewhat taken to, dropped ais head and the wafer-box together, and went on with his writing as meekly as poor Jenkins could have done; and Mr. Galloway

entered. "Good-day," said he to Arthur, shortly enough.

"Good-day, sir," was the response. Mr. Galloway turned to his idle clerk.

"Roland Yorke, you must either work, o say you will not. There is no time for playing and fooling; no time, sir! do you hear! poor Jenkins watching her with despairing sometimes be mingled. Hope! where could Who put that window stark staring open?" "I did, sir," said incorrigible Roland. "I

Mr. Galloway shut it with a bang. Arthur.

sorry to hear Jenkins was worse. "He is so much wor-e," was the respons of Mr. Gallowsy, sp ken sharply, for the edi- again. fication of Roland Yorke, "that I doubt whether he will ever onter this room again. Yes, sir, you may look; but it is the truth."

consternation.

" How on earth will the work get done then you he uttered.

With all his grumbling, he had not conemplated Jenkins being away more than a

day or two. I do not know how it will get done, considering that the clerk upon whom I have to depend is Roland Yorke," answered Mr. Galloway, with severity. "One thing appears pretty evident, that Jenkins will not be

help to do it." Mr. Galloway, more perplexed at the news brought by Mrs. Jenkins than he had let appear (for, although he chose to make a show of depending upon Roland, he knew how much dependence there was in reality to be placed upon him-none better), had deemed it advisable to see Jenkins personally, and judge for himself of his state of health. Accordingly, he proceeded thither, and arrived at an inopportune moment for his hopes. Jenkins was just recovering from a second fainting fit, and he appeared altogether so ill, so debilitated, that Mr. Galloway was struck with dismay. There would be no more work from Jenkins-as he believed-for him. He mentioned this now in his own office, and Roland received it with blank consternation

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An impulse came to Arthur, and he spoke If I can do you any good, air, in this mergency, you have only to command me.

"What sort of good?" asked Mr. Gallo-

"I could draw out these deeds, and any

Arthur pointed to the parchments.

others that may follow them. My time is my own, sir, save the two hours devoted to the cathedral, and I am at a loss how to occupy it. I have been idle ever since I left you.' Why don't you get into an office?" said

Mr. Galloway.

Arthur's color deepened. Because, sir, nobody will take me. " Ah!" said Mr. Galloway, dryly, "a good name is easier lost than gained."

"Yes, it is," freely replied Arthur. "However, sir, to return to the question. I shall be glad to help you, if you have no one better at hand. I could devote several hours a day to it, and you know that I am thoroughly competent to be trusted with the work. I might take some home now."

Home!" returned Mr. Galloway. "Did you mean that you could do it at home?"

"Certainly, sir. I did not think of doing t here," was the pointed reply of Arthur. "I can do it at home just as well as I could here; perhaps better, for I should shut myself up alone, and there would be nothing to interrupt me, or to draw off my attention.

It cannot be denied that this was a most velcome proposition to Mr. Galloway; in deed, his thoughts had turned to Arthur at the first. Arthur would be far preferable to strange clerk, looked for and brought in on the spur of the moment-one who might answer well or answer ill, according to chance. Yet that must have been his resource, Mr. Galloway knew.

"It will be an accommodation to me, your taking part of the work," he frankly said; but you had better come to the office and

do it. "No, sir, I would rather-"

" Do, Channing !" cried out Roland Yorke, springing up as if he were electrified; "the office will be bearable if you come back again."

"I would prefer to do it at home, sir," continued Arthur to Mr. Galloway, while that gentleman pointed imperiously to Yorke, as a aint to him to hold his tongue and mind his own business.

"You may come back here and do it," said

Mr. Galloway. "Thank you, I cannot come back," was

the reply of Arthur. "Of course you can't !" said angry Roland, who cared less for Mr. Galloway's displeasure than he did for displaying his own feelings when they were aroused. "You won't, fours, but what be'd come, only she won't let you mean! I'd not show myself such a duff as you, Channing, if I were paid in gold to

"You'll get paid in something presently Roland Yorke, but it won't be in gold!" reproved Mr. Galloway. "You will do a full day's work to-day, sir, if you stop here till

twelve o'clock at n "Oh, of course I look out to do that sir." retorted Roland, in a fume. "Considering what's before me, on this desk and on Jenkins's, there's little prospect of my getting home on this side four in the morning. They needn't sit up for me; I can go in with the milk. I wonder who invented writing? I

wish I had the singering of him just now Arthur turned to the parchments. He was nearly as much at home with them as Jen-Mr. Galloway selected two that were kins. most pressing, and gave them to him, with the requisite materials for copying.

"You will keep them secure, you know," he remarked. "Perfectly so, sir; I shall sit quite alone."

He carried them off with alacrity. Mr. Galloway's face cleared as he looked after him, and he made a remark aloud expressive of his satisfaction. "There's some pleasure in giving out work

when you know it will be done. No playno dilatoriness-finished to the minute that it's looked for! You should take a leaf cut of his book, Yorke." "Yes, sir," freely answered Roland. "When you drove Arthur Channing out of this office, Jenkins is all very well for work, but he is

nothing but a muff in other things. Arthur's a gentleman, and he'd have served you well. Jenkins himself says so. He is honorable, he is houest, he-"I know enough of your sentiments with respect to his honesty," interrupted Mr. Galloway. "We need not go over that tale

"I hope everybody knows them," rejoined Roland. "I have never concealed my opinion that the accussion was infamous; that, Roland did look, looked with considerable of all of us in this office, from its head down to Jenkins, none was loss likely to finger the

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Mr. Galhat tale rejoined

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ratuitous suggestion. He presently came back again. A paper was in his hand, and

of his mind most unpleasantly, in spite of his almost of indignation before Roland. He had no cause to deem his cousin otherwise than honest; it was next to impossible to suppose the sup A YEAF prolific "pesky" black insect is affected in the could be guilty of playing him such a trick; but somehow Mr. Galloway could not feel so sure upon the point as he would have wished. His cousin was a needy man—one who had made ducks and drakes of his own property, and was for ever appealing to Mr. Galloway for assistance. Mr. Galloway did not shut his eyes to the fact that, if this should have been the case, Robert Galloway had had had some control of the case, Robert Galloway had had had some cases of the case, Robert Galloway had had had some cases of the case, Robert Galloway had had had some cases of the case, Robert Galloway had had had some cases of the case, Robert Galloway had had had some cases of the case, Robert Galloway had had had some cases of the case of the case, Robert Galloway had had had some cases of the case of great help to a man at his wits' end for money. He had forwarded a second £20 note, upon receiving information of the loss of the first.

What he most disliked, looking at it frem what he most disliked, looking at it from this point of view, was, not the feeling that he had been eleverly deceived and laughed at, but that Arthur Channing should have suffered unjustly. If the lad sea innocent, why, how cruel had been his own conduct towards him! But with these doubts came back the remembrance of Arthur's unsatisation should not condental; his apparent guidt; his strange shrinking from investigation. Busy as Mr. Galloway was that day, be could not confine the context which was of great breadth and magnitude. We have never witness of a more striking exhibition of this discountered. Galloway was, that day, he could not confine phenomenon.

his thoughts to his business; he would wil.

A nov of fourteen, named Brickford, com

Docket to know, beyond doubt, whether or not Arthur was guilty.

Arthur was guilty.

Arthur, meanwhile, had commenced his task. He took possession of the study, where he was secure from interruption, and applied law as secure from interruption, and applied law for the color of the study, where he was secure from interruption, and applied law for course in the law as the second in the color of the claim as a mintary necessity. Because of this staple. If our envery other occupied for the claim as a mintary necessity. Because of the claim as a mintary necess

The citizens of Nashville, to the number of 2,000, reported themselves, armed and equipped, to the Proyost Marshal, the evening of the fight, to prevent the destruction of property by the mob, which it seems they feared more than the Unionists.

The Navy Department has advices that the Confederates have lately purchased in England two of the fastest steamers there built, under guarantees as to speed, and have put them in commission as privateers, with a view to intercept and capture our Panama steamers returning with California treasure.—

N. Y. Express.

back again. A paper was in his hand, and he began comparing it with one on Roland's deak.

"Where did you hear that unjustifiable piece of scandal?" he inquired, as he was doing it.

"The first person I heard speak of it was my mother, sir. She came home one day from calling upon people, and said she had heard it somewhere. And it was talked of at Knivett's last night. He had a backclorar party, and the subject was brought up. Some of us ridiculed the notion; others thought it might have grounds."

"And pray, which did you favor?" sarcastically asked Mr. Galloway.

"I! I said then, as I have said all along, that there was nobody to thank for it but the post-office. If you ask me, sir, who first set the notion affont in the town, I cannot satisfy you. All I know is, the rumor is circulating."

"If I could discover the primary author of it, I would take legal steps to punish him, warmly concluded Mr. Galloway.

"I'd help," said undaunted Roland. "Some fun might arise out of that."

Mr. Galloway carried the probate of a will be his company of sharpshooters, now at Leavenworth, Kansas.

not shut his eyes to the fact that, if this should chifornia, of kidnapping young Indians. When arrested he had fifteen of them in his possession, and was on his way to the Valley to dispose of them. RAILROAD FROM CORENTH TO RICHMOND.

—We learn from a gentleman who recently passed over the route, that there is direct ratiroad communication from Rechmond, via Atlanta and Mobile, to Memphis and Coronth.

A nov of fourteen, named Bricktors, comhis thoughts to his business; he would wilhis thoughts to his business; he would will he would will he would have business; he woul

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, JUNE 21, 1862.

While the production of the production of

IMPORTANT MOTION IN CONGRESS RELATIVE TO MR. BENJAMIN WOOD.—On the 11th, Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, rose to a question of privilege, and submitted the following resolution, which was read at the Clerk's table:

Whereas, information has been received by the government that Hon. Benjamin Wood, representative in Congress from the State

of New York, and a member of this House, has been engaged in communicating, or attempting to communicate, important intelligence to the confederate rebels in arms against the government of the United States, be it

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the al-leged conduct of the said Benjamin Wood in the premises, and to that end the said com-mittee be authorized to send for persons and

diciary be made to the same leged conduct of the same leged conduct of

"If I could discover the primary author of it, I would take legal steps to punish him," warmly concluded Mr Galloway.

"I'd help," said undaunted Roland. "Some fun might arise out of that."

Mr. Galloway carried the probate of a will be its room, and sat down to examine it. But his thoughts were elsewhere. This suspicion, mentioned by Roland Yorke, had laid hold of his mind most unpleasantly, in spite of his show of indignation before Roland. He had no cause to deem his cousin otherwise than honest; it was next to impossible to suppose

SHILOH PRISONERS.—Two of the officers who were captured at Shiloh and taken to seems, Ala, have been released on parole for forty days, and are now in Washington for forty days, and are now in Weshington for the purpose of effecting an exchange. They report the south as one vast plantation of corn and potatoes, only enough cotton grow-ing for seed. They are surprised at the pre-vailing impression that Gen. Prentiss and command were captured early in the morn-ing of Sunday, and state that the surrender was at precisely 5½ o'check P. M. of that day. Major Stone, late Judge of the Sixu Judicias Dearred, Lowa, was in command of the 32: Major Stone, late Judge of the Six h Jud clas Dastrict, Iowa, was in command of the 3d Iowa on the extreme right of Haribert's division, and next to Preatiss, when the former fell back, his right remained in support of the latter, having fought from 8 A. M. At 5 P. M., on altempting to fall back, Prentiss found himself completely surrounded, not be at than four robel brigades being between him and the river, when the 3d Lowa, Huribut's Sth, 12th and 14th Lowa, 56th Illinois, bein Missouri and 18th Wisconsin regiments surrendered.

ASHES—Both kinds are steady, and the sales limited at quotations.

BARK comes in stordy, and mocks with a fair demand at previous prives. About 1990 hids quericition have been disposed of in lots, on arrival, at \$55,50 for let No 1, and \$50 for No 2. A sale of a favorite brand was made at \$55 per for Off Tanners' Hark sales are reported at \$1100 12 for Chestnat and \$1300 14 for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good yellow is worth 356 at 5.

COAL—The damage done by the late freshet has completely insettled the market for this

and the manuscravers are supplying viscous are nother normalise. LUMBER Business is fair, and without any change to note. White Pine Beards sell at \$10 no.0. Yellow Sap do \$12cc14, and Lathe at \$1,00 g M.

Mittl.ARSES is martive, and prices rather we also about 1899 into have been disposed of, including a carge of 4 random \$2 n_c, 200 their Minuscravide at 25c, and a carge of Cardenas do at 25c, and a carge of Cardenas do at 25c, and on the normalise of the manuscript of the sell o

the usual credit.

PLASTER is dult, with further said to note at \$1.25 cot. 10 g ton, the latter for earl.

Rit E. The sales are confined to East Inclustation in small lots at 50 good, or, so or quality.

SEEDS—The married as result at the example is pretty much at a stand still, and we have very little duling in Clover in Thinchy to example in the example of the

profits. There is very little door, in drands of this, but holders are firm on the non-instance. N. E. Rum is steady at about it. Who key is no changed and firm at the close, with 1 other saids of Permeylynable and Older below 2 like the and drudge at 2 hours, and the holder 1 like the analysis in the market has been very quiet this work, and prices about the same points in

worth s. The stock of Lasf and Marular TORACCO. The stock of Lasf and holders are run in their views the sales, however, are ver

the battle of Fair Oaks, Lieut, Holage M. Law, of Co. F. Sist Pa. Volunteers, in his 24th year. On the 9th instant, avent T. Macsentz, eldest daughter of Malcotm Masnetil.
Was killed near Richmond, on Sunday, 8th instant, Manuse C. Mosan, ist Lieut, Co. H. of the California regiment (7lst infantry, P. V.). On the 9th instant, Busacaus H. Rasio, aged 70 years.
On the 10th instant, Russica Littor, daughter of James M. and Hannah Patterson, aged

ter of James M. and Hannah Patterson, aged 3t years On the 9th Instant, Ass F. Tuons, in her 86th

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 49 South Third Street. Philodelphia, June 14, 1863.

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SURGEON ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS, ALLEGO ON NEW RULES FOR AMERICAN, ALLEGO ON NEW RULES FOR AMERICAN, ALLEGO ON THE PARKED AND THE ALLEGO ON THE TOTAL LANGUAGE FOR THE STONE EDITE ET.

No. 1609 Chestout St. Filled a. 1609.
There Solvers West on the City State
The Exhibitance received a great water. No 1609 Chestnut at Philad a. 1609. Finest Salvanes West or the City Stavic Tols Latablishment creeted at great expecse.

True East when you are Cite State.

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Intring 500 times, for 28 cruts in sizer,

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The peculiarities of each efficit will be cheer fally shown and explained to purchasered and they have the great advantage of being able to select from our stock either a machine making the

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UNCURRENT MONRY Bought and #old. Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Legal States and Canada. DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.

GENUINE HAVANA CIGARS.

CABANAS, at \$2 \$7 too. LA RITICA, at \$6 \$7 100. LA HIGUENAS, at \$5 \$100. LA EMPRESSA, at \$5 \$100.

COLD, SPARKLING

SODA WATER.

Drawn from a large, Silver Fountain, at 3 centa per glass, at KOLLOCK'S New Drug Stors, Corner of Broad and Chestout Sta, Philads.



Inventor of the velocities and GOSAMER VENTI
LATING Wilesach is NSTIC AND THE ACES,
Instructions to case it is for an in incomposition to the same of the form of

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE! Have been diligently employed in perfecting CHRISTADORA'S LACELSION HAIR DAE

It is no wender then, that after Careful Analysis by Dr. Chilton,

IT WAS PROPOUNCED GARMLESS. And is now taking the place of all other Dyes. Phose who have been disappointed with mass the initiations, are always pleased with the genuine. Any shade of bank or brown, to sult ill completions, produced to the minutes.

Price, 81, 81,50 and \$1, and an extending to size

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with the live, in it imparts the ut-most address, the most transfer or and great vitality to the Hair.

WANTED. - 500 ACTIVE VOLNG men CHESTNLT Street and the army by bringsta

Col. Ext. and force them, in grow heavily in six weeks often the semestrate of the semestrate of the seminal point free, to any address, on receipt of an analytic feet, to any address, on receipt of an analytic feet, to any address, on receipt of an analytic feet, to any address, on receipt of an analytic feet, to any address, on receipt of an analytic feet, for the sensell size as a warriang and a continuous for the sensell size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and the sensel size as a warriang and a continuous feet, and

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, JUNE 21, 1862.

ETHAN SPIKE ON THE MERRIMAC.

HORNEY, June 28th, 1862 Wot is it absout that ere buttin consarr the Merrymuck? Some say she's no longer non-set—hes bust her biler or kerlapsed he ingine, an hes gone daown to the subters-mean depths of the herin billows-wich is likewise tempestoous raound abeout. Other us or Pike's Peak; but up here we mous erally think she's run the blockhedthrough the gut of Kansas—an is naow on rampage daown East.

Knowin the importance of Hornby to the Union, its people naterally fee! anxious that it should be properly defended; not that they keer a cum absout theirselves-but ollers ac toosted by that sublime patriotism whichwich is kulkerlated to do the greatest good to them as practises it.

An knowin the inemy would strike at Hornby first, I was sent to Orgusty as a committee of the hull on coastwise defences of offences if we needed em.

I faound the Guverner to hum-an mighty perlite, peirt little body he is, too.

"How der you der !" says the Governer, says he. "Mr. Spike," says he, "Ise heers left of you-but never before did my mortial whusis rest on your improvin countinents.-Ets good for soar eyes, polly-femus in the nose and gitter in the hed, to look at yer,"

I told him that I'd ollers bin accounted good for them decreases, likewise presty-sartia a the mumps, and death on fitz an rebellious ferers. An then says I, "Guverner—how

"Pretty well, I thank you," says he, "ex ceptin a bad cold, wich her settled on the borax, but of the braown creeter or convalessence don't set in, I don't keer. Otherways, I'm so's to be crawlin."

Then we didn't boath of us say nothing more for some time. The Guverner picked his teeth, an I got sout my knife an undertuk to whittle the cheer, but the fust lick I broke the blade agin a nail

I fairly squalled-I was so mad.

"Blast your od rotted pails to eteernal blastnation !" says I.

The Guverner laughed

Hey to put nails in all the tables an cheers," says he, "elsewise, I should hev to get a new set every month. Two sets at least would be whittled up every time the gineral court sot

I was riled, an well I mought-'twas a ripper, that blade-arter honin it on a brick, I could split a hair crossways without bearing on much. For a minit I looked starn-but when I reflected that I could charge it to the taown in my bill of expenses, I mollyfied-I aout laughed the Guverner.

No consequence," says I, "the old knife want with a speckled cuss-Ise glad you hed nafls in the cheer," says I.

An then we shook hands agin.

Arter another long paws of interegnum. The Guvener looked at me kinder sly, an says

"Haow do you know that ?" says I. "Come, come," says he, slappin me on shoulder an laughin; "Ise heern of you, you cum, a parfect drown East metter Nick an tallerrand," says he, "but aout with it, old

toy."
"Wal," said I, "air you aweer of the Importance of Hornby to the perpetooation of the palaydiums of the Union

Mr. Spike, I are. Wal, then, here's a nutshell-Portland, Snouth Barwick Junction, Kennebunk, Baldwin and Blackstrop hev all bin forty fled .-We air modest, we don't expect to go as high forty, or even thirty, but we do think we orter be fied some, of 'taein't more'n fifteen. Give us a few Bombastic flotillers, a dozen of tew each Combombords Dan'l Green Parrotts an Winfield rifles, a lot of procrastination caps, a basket full of comical shells, with start pints, a few rewoivin turrens to fix onto canawi boats, several or more of you have em to spare, iron clad monsters, ten berrils Medford rum, one ditto flaour, abeout 4000,

There, there, bold on, Mr. Spike," interrupted the Guverner. "You hev named armaments enough for the rock of Jibber nacrosy. What on airth do you want it

" Isril Washbun," says I, "the Merrymuck se abroad " nava I. "Po," says he, "that critter was blowed up

three weeks ago." Says I-

Isrii, it hain't so, it's a federal lie, that briny behemouth of the deep is naow on aour

get to Hornby !" By the canawls," says I.

"But haow kin she get through the

locks * "Inril," says I, " she'll pick em

"God bless my soul?" says he, "I never thought of that. I'll call a caouncil meetin to-night."- Vanity Fair.

SCHNE AT THE PARK BARRACES.-DRA MATIR PERSON &- A nick and wounded but good looking soldier, and an anxious lady nurse in march of a subject.

Lady Nurse-My poor fellow can I do any -(emphatically)-No Ma'am! No

Lady Nurse-I should like to do somethin

for you. Shall I not sponge your face and Soldier—(despondingly)—You may if you want to very had; but you'll be the fourteenth lady as has done it this blessed mornin'.—N.

A Confut Contraband.—A lady in Washington, desiring to procure a "help," made application at the headquarters of the "contrabanda," on Capitol Hill, when the following colloquy ensued between herself and a female contraband who had escaped from aervice" in Virginia

Lady-Well, Dinah, you say you want What can you do? Can you cook! aband-No, m'm; mammy, she allays

Lody—Are you a good chambermaid? Contraband—Sister Sally, she allays did the hambers.

Lody Can you walt in the dining-room

Contrabund-La, no, m'm; Jim, that wa bis work. Lady-Can you wash and iron?

Contraband-Well, you see, m'm Aun Becky, ele allays washed

Lady-Can you sew ! Contraband-Charity, she allays sewed.

Lady-Then what in the world did you do! Contraband-Why I allays kep' the flies of

A RESULAR HUMBUS -A couple of raw 'uns from the country were out one evening seeing the lions of New York city, when they came across one of the theatres,

"I say, Jake," said the eldest, who gloried in the appellation of Jonathan, "Tve heerd tell of these theatres, and root or die, I'm bound to see one of 'em

But Jake didn't seem disposed to go in, and an agreement was made that he should sit upon a fire-plug and smoke a cigar, while Jonathan took a peep at the elephant. He accordingly bought a ticket, went in, and is about fifteen minutes returned with a work

What is it like?" inquired Jake. "A regular suck in," said Jonathan

They've got a great big pictur stuck up agin the wall, and a lot of fellers fiddling be fore it, and I'll be dod darged if that isn't all

How Some Propin Gry Such Good RE OMMENDATIONS .- A stranger came to the parish of X---, bringing an immensely trong certificate from the parish of Ywhich he had been teaching. On the strength of this certificate, the people of Xployed him in their vacant school. The leacher began his work speedily, and proved worth nothing-lazy, stupid and useless, One of the people of X- met a resident of -, and inquired, with some indignation. what on earth the people of Y--- meant in giving such a flaming certificate to an utterly ncapable teacher. The reply was: "We gave that certificate to get him off our hands; and let me tell you, you people of X--- wil have to give him a far higher character before you will get rid of him

DECIDEDLY Coot, -- An Arkansas volum teer in the Mexican war, riding on horseback, came across an Illinosian who was shot in the leg. The Illinosian told him where he was wounded, and asked to be taken up and conveyed out of danger. "Arkansas" placed him on behind his saddle, and fastened him to himself with a leather strap. While they were hastening from danger, a grape shot took "Illinois" head off, but "Arkansas" thought he had only fainted from fatigue and When a safe place was arrived at, the horseman released his charge, and seeing his head was gone, exclaimed, "Well, these Illinosians are the greatest liars. Here's a rascal with his head cut off, when he told me he was only shot in the leg. You can't believe a word

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

William Sanderson was a captain in th Revolutionary War, under Gen. Washington They were standing together one day en gaged in conversation, when afterward mous Gen. Anthony Wayne rode up and loined them; and Gen. Washington said-

"Gen. Wayne, how many men will it take to storm Stony Point?"

Wayne's reply was-" By God, sir, I can

Gen. Washington seemed both shocked and grieved, and, without uttering a word, but with a stern and solemn countenance, turned his back upon Wayne and stood sflent for a few seconds; after which he turned to Wayne, and said-

"Don't say 'By God,' General, but ' With the help of God!

That old captain, William Sanderson, had three sons in the war of 1812-15, only one of whom survived him. That son has often heard his father tell the anecdote of Wash-

A NEW ANSWER TO THE OLD QUESTION -A little girl was overheard in Pultene town the other day putting her younger sist through her catechism. She commenced, as usual, by asking, "Who made you?" to which the proper reply was given, and then came the further query, "What are you made of " to which the answer was prompt, but not so explicit as was thought desirable. The little questioner propounded an impromptu query, "What kind of dust?" evidently with the view of eliciting the answer, "Dust of the ground." However, there were more things in the philosophy of the little catechi men than the elder had ever dreamed of for after a thoughtful pause, she replied, hapmy where she had picked up that idea, she naively replied, "Haven't I seen my mother making the parritch (porridge)?" Older heads do not always reason so correctly from the obvious premises as did this little philoso-

One of our soldiers who was in the Piusburg Landing battle, happened to be in-ordinately fond of card-playing. During the fight he had three of his fingers shot off.— Holding up his mangled member, he gazed at it with a look of ineffable sorrow, and exclaimed, as a big tear stole into the corner of his eye-" I shall never be able to hold a full Aand again!" Poor fellow! season I have used nothing but whale oil



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

MR. BRISTLES.-"Then you really think it an improvement, ch?" Miss Sharp,-" Decidedly-it hides so much of your face."

80 Somebody wrote to the editor of the soap, which I find quite as effectual and me Sucyrus Journal a letter of inquiry as to billards, to whom the editor replied as follows: Yes, sir, we can tell you all about billiards. It is a game consisting of two men in their shirt sleeves, punching balls about on a table and presenting the keeper of the table with case in this country, telling him to mark it down. This last mentioned custom has given them the title of billiard-markers. If you make a superior player at the expense of about \$100. Blacksmiths, carpenters, etc., play it for exercise. It was invented by a shrewd saloon keeper, who was not satisfied with the profit on whiskey, and was too much opposed to temperance to water it."

Agricultural.

crows.

Laying aside all other charges, there one way in which I consider that crows do the farmer more injury than all the good they can possibly do in every way. That is, in their destroying the young of other birds. It is well known that the young of domestic fowls are taken whenever they come in their way; then just consider how many of the young of harmless and useful little birds must fall a prey to their rapacity, when there is hardly a nook or corner, a tree or bush, but what they acour in search of plunder.

Birds that beat the crow, will not allow one to come near their nests. A pair of king-birds have built their nest on an apple and there are always two or three nests of other birds on the same tree, though there are other trees near by, that they might jus as well build on. Is it not for greater safety that they build there? If a crow comes within an eighth of a mile of this tree, you hear the warning note of the king-bird, who

mmediately gives chase and drives him off, In destroying insects on a farm, I think that turkeys might be kept to much better advantage than crows. I had rather raise a dozen turkeys on my place than a dozen crows; and how different the footing-up sounds, in the fall, of the two investments in the one case the music has been all addressed to the ear, and pitched to the tune of nnumerable " caw, caw, caws!" in the other the pocket is replenished with the musical ingle of ten or twelve dollars, and a Thanks giving feast into the bargain.

The flock of crows that return to this pas of the state, annually, in the spring, has been slowly decreasing for several years; I shoul think that last year they might have number ed twelve or fifteen hundred: the use of strychnine, no doubt, accounts for this de rease in a great measure. I should rejoice o spare ninety nine one-hundredths of the nder. Can any man benefit the public more by the use of twenty five cents than by purchasing that worth of strychnine !- Cor

PRITT HINTS.

I have met with decided success in usin obacco stems as a preventive for the peach borer. Frequent examinations since early ast spring have revealed but one horer. renew the supply of stems as often as I deen advisable, and find no injury to the root from them. I have also acted on Miss Mor ril's hint relative to the application of sal petre, alum, or salt, as special manures for the peach, and with promising results. I prinkle them on the soil to within foot of the trunk of the tree. My trees, which were inclined to be sickly

and of puny growth, are now in splendid condition, and this season made very strong healthy growth, and from summer pruning are sending out strong, thick branches, son sweeping nearly to the ground, offering com-plete protection to the trunk from the acerch ing sun.

Last season, I used Gisburst's comp

beneficial to my trees, as it gives a healthy bright color to the bark, and keeps the leaves fresh-looking and free from spots. I apply it once a week or fortnight, as they may re quire, and the expense is but little more than fifteen cents or as is most commonly the and a quarter cents a pound. Instead of a syringe. I use a "hydropult," which has great forcing power, and its flexible tube renders i far superior to the syringe in application to have a decided genius for the game, you will the underside of foliage.-H. C. VAN TYNE, in Horticulturist

THE BEST TIME TO PRUNE.

An old clergyman is quoted as defining "when your knife is sharp. this time to be He was certainly half right, for a smooth clean cut is very essential to the healing of the wound. But there is very great difference in the healing of wounds on account of the season in which they are made. Pruning done in March and April, especially if large limbs are removed, often injures an orchard and runs down upon the bark, discoloring and oftentimes destroying it—called scalding. Without other protection, decay be gins, and in a few years you have a hollow limb.

We like the month of June for pruning better than all others. If the work is done oon after the new wood begins to form, the wounds made by the removal of small limbs will be nearly covered over the same season they are made. The leaves make such a denand upon the wood for sap that none of i escapes from the wounded pores. It is also a favorable time for thumb pruning. By watching the growth of the shoots upon young rece they may be brought into symmetrical shape without much use of the knife .- Ame rican Agriculturist.

USEFULNESS OF TOADS IN GARDENS .- AT recent meeting of the Brooklyn Horticultural Society, the subject of toads in gardens was under discussion, when Mr. Burgess, an "old country gardener of long experies stated "that thirty years' observation had convinced him that it was the snail, and not their vines. Most people attributed the de struction to toads, but he was certain that they were harmless. In gardens he consider ed them of great use, and all gardener should look upon them as their best friends Mr. Puller endorsed all that had been said upon the subject, and he was glad to hear it He believed the toad a most valuable aux liary to the gardener. They were worth \$500 a piece, as they keep the ground clear of insects entirely. Besides they can be do nesticated? This was not generally known nevertheless it was true. Those in his gar den knew him, and would follow in order to get the insects, caterpillars, etc. Their preservation ought to be attended to. Mr. Bur gess was of the opinion that there should be s ane for killing them."-Country Gentle

LICE ON CATTLE.-A safe, sure, simple and economical way of killing lice on cattle is to take the water in which potatoes have been boiled, rub throroughly the cattle which are afflicted in this way once a week, for two or three weeks, or until the nits are al hatched out, and the stock of lice will be among the things that were. The remedy until they have tried it. It is, nevertheless a sure cure, if faithfully and thoroughly ap

Another remedy is in an ounce of preve tive,—good feed, good water, good clean sheds and stables, and lice will not colonize

QUARTITY OF FOOD FOR OXEN.-Pro quent observations have shown that an or all consume two per cent of his weight of hay per day to maintain his condition put to moderate labor, an increase of this quantity to three per cent. will enable him to erform his work, and still maintain his flesh If he is to be fatted, he requires about four for slugs on my pear and cherry trees. This and a half per cent of his weight daily in nutritious food.-Michipan Farmer

Wounte on Honma.—The receipt for wounds on horses, such as collar and saddle-galls, &c., is furnished to the American Stock Journal by Dr. Dadd, the well-known veterinary surgeon:-Pulverized aloes, 8 ounces pulverized myrrh, 4 ounces; pulverized cateche, 4 ounces; pulverized benzoln, 4 oss; new rum, 1 gallon. Let the mixtur stand for two or three weeks, frequently shak-ing, and filter through fine lines.

Aseful Receipts.

How to Tan Skins .- 1. Take two parts of altpetre and one of alum; pulverize finely, mix them and sprinkle evenly over the flesh side of the skin; then roll the skin tightly together, and let it remain a few days, accord ing to the weather, then scrape the skin till it is soft and pliable. I have tanned skins in this way so that they would be as soft and

2. "A reader" wishes to know the mode of tanning coon and fox skins with the fur on. I will give him my mode of operation. If the skin is green from the body, scrape all the flesh from it, then pulverize equal parts
of saltpetre and alum and cover the flesh
My 30, 36, 54, 93, is a river in England. of sampetre and alum and cover the flesh my cover t a manner as to hold the brine when dissolved, then lay it away in a cool place—say the My 23, 37, 63, 54, 35, is a county in New York. My 34, 67, 70, 73, is a river in England. sellar-and let it lay four or six day; then cover the flesh part with soft soap and wash off clean with water. Dry in the shade, roll My 26, 83, 41, 43, 55, is a county in Georgia and pull occasionally while drying; then roll and pull until soft and pliable.—N. E. Furmer.

MILDEW ON ROSES.—It is said by those who have been troubled with mildew on their roses, that if they are well syringed with lager beer, it is a certain remedy for it. One of the finest collections in the country was saved by two applications of it after other seans failed .- Country Gentleman

CURRANT JELLY .- 4 quarts ripe currents nashed in both hands, till nearly all are broken; squeeze out the stems and remove them Put the pulp in a strong bag and squees very tightty, and there will be nearly 3 pints Put 3 lbs. white sugar to this, and boll hour.

DRYING RHUBARS.-I saw a recommenda tion in a paper two years ago, in regard to dry ing rhubarb by stringing it raw, and hanging it up to dry, like apples. I dried some by fol-lowing these directions to the letter, and it not only looked like a stick, as it was said it would, but it had as little taste. I see some writers still give the same recipe; but I have tried a far better one, which does preserv the flavor. Cut up the rhubarb and put is in the oven on plates or pans, and let it bake: a few minutes will be sufficient if the oven is hot; then set it out in the sun and let it dry It should bake until it is so soft that if pinch ed it will mash. When used, it takes considerable soaking and cooking, but then all dry fruit needs more cooking than green.-

To PRESERVE STRAWBERRIER.-To two pounds of fine large strawberries, add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving kettle, over a slow fire, till the sugar is melted; then boll them precisely twenty minutes, as fast as possible; have ready a number of small jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot. Cork and seal the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold, dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES OR RASP-BERRIES, FOR CREAMS OR ICES, WITHOUT BOILING.-Let the fruit be gathered in the middle of a warm day, in very dry weather; strip it from the stalks directly, weigh it, turn it into a howl or deep pan, and bruise it gently; mix with an equal weight of fine dry sifted sugar, and put it immediately into small wide-necked bottles; cork these firmly without delay, and tie bladders over the tops Keep them in a cool place, or the fruit will ferment. The mixture should be stirred softly, and only just sufficiently to blend the sugar and the fruit. The bottles must be perfectly dry, and the bladders, after having been cleaned in the usual way, and allowed to become nearly so, should be moistened with a little spirit on the side which is to be next the cork.

STRAWBERRIES STEWED FOR TARTS. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a teacup of water; add a little white of eggs; let it boil, and skim it until only a foam rises; then put in a quart of berries free from stems and hulis; let them boil till they look clear and the syrup is quite thick. Faish with fine To PRESERVE STRAWBERBIES IN WINE -

Put a quantity of the finest large strawberries into a gooseberry-bottle, and strew over them three large spoonsful of fine sugar; fill up with Madeira wine or sherry.

from the fruit through a cloth, strain it clear weigh and stir to it an equal proportion of the finest sugar dried and reduced to powder when this is dissolved, place the preserving pan over a very clear fire, and stir the jelly often until it boils; clear it carefully from scum, and boil it quickly from fifte twenty-five minutes. This receipt is for a moderate quantity of the preserve; a very

RHUBARB WINE, No. 1.—Chop the rhu-barb plant, drain off the juice, and add to every quart, one quart of water and two of ugar. Let it ferment, and bottle when clear RHUBARD WINE, No. 2.—Chop the stalk

of fifty pounds of rhubarb, allow thirty bounds of sugar, press the juice, add the sugar and sufficient water to make nine gal ons of wine; put it in a cask, cover with cloth until fermentation ceases, plog the barrel for three months, and then draw off the wine and bottle it. If not convenient to hottle, draw it off in a clean cask that it will fil entirely full. Wine barrels ought always to be filled full after the fermentation is over.

The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a man in the court of his

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY STREETS POSS

I am composed of 100 letters. My 1, 42, 40, 61, 68, 71, 89, is a town in Ireland.

My 2, 11, 27, 81, 69, is a county in Indi

My 3, 13, 7, 38, is a river in Scotland. My 4, 16, 96, 55, 86, 81, is an island on the co

of the Chine My 6, 19, 53, is a sen of Africa. My 7, 80, 14, 70, 76, 85, 68, is a county in Kee

tucky. My 8, 21, 87, 12, 9, 53, is a mountain in Bra My 9, 68, 86, 93, 47, 64, is a bay on the s

My 10, 19, 60, 66, 52, 60, 100, 96, 65, is a town in

England. My 11, 25, 68, 39, 80, is a county in Texas My 12, 92, 61, 70, 77, 95, is a river in England My 18, 35, 16, 55, 53, is an island in the Baltic My 14, 41, 94, 53, 96, 87, is a division of Eur

My 15, 30, 50, 56, 5, 72, is a town in Russia. My 16, 36, 46, 46, 86, is a river in Ireland. My 17, 85, 69, 88, 92, is a firth on the co

My 18, 46, 40, 78, 84, is a county in Tennes

My 25, 39, 53, 10, 37, 74, 85, is a county in Michigran.

My 27, 40, 39, 61, 78, is a town in Scotland. My 28, 88, 86, 93, 88, is a river in Michigan. My 29, 67, 75, 78, 40, 25, is a county in Florida.

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My 30, 50, 74, 19, is a lake in Ireland. My 31, 86, 94, 37, 35, is a town in Brazil. My 33, 52, 41, 56, 64, 27, is a county in Missle.

My 34, 19, 24, 49, is a river in Africa. My 35, 90, 64, 55, is a town in Spain. My 45, 79, 47, 37, 63, 49, is a town in Brazil.

My 50, 10, 37, 75, 0, 94, 22, is a lake in Bei America. My 66, 30, 6, 15, 52, 69, is a county in Illinois. My 91, 39, 10, 68, 37, 9, 24, 13, is a town in Brasil-My 97, 38, 82, 30, 29, 11, 81, 85, 92, 74, 44, 18, is a

county in Arkansas. My 98, 19, 67, 82, 76, 38, is a town in Austria. My 98, 49, 10, 35, is a river in England.

My 65, 49, 35, 21, 46, 81, is a county in Arkanna My whole is an event in American hist JOHN ROANE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My first the sun ne'er shone upon, Though oft it's found on earth The moon and stars have brightly shone Around it in its birth.

My next a preposition is: At it, the trav'ier weary, Who finds it at the evening's close, Is sure awhile to tarry.

My third has never yet been seen By any mortal eye; And still around the world it's been. And is often passing by.

My whole's a bird of foreign land That sings a sweeter song Than any feathered, choral band, The warbling tribe among. Villa, Randolph Co., Ind.

REBUS.

WRITTRE FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Is a county in Indiana. Is a town in Oregon. Is a country in Europe Is a county in Kentucky. Is a town in South America. Is a town in Russia.

Is a town in Maine. Is a country in South America. The initials form a fort in the Southern states.

d the finals where situated.

EDWARD NEWTON.

BIDDLE. word used by those discontented, more's the pity; ee it, and then 'twill be

WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I have an equilateral triangular field, each side of which is 80 rods long. It requires 4,390 rafi to fence it. I wish to enlarge this field, so that it may contain three times as many acres #

How many rails must I have to make a feace around it when enlarged, as good as the first and how many acres will there be in the sel REUBEN MARTIN. thus enlarged? Gallia Ch., Ohio.

2. An answer is requested.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. If 22 oxen and 28 cows eat 24 acres of grass 8 weeks, and 20 oxen and 38 cows eat of grass in 27 weeks, and 41 oxen and 26 cows eat 50 acres of grass in 60 weeks, how long will 40 acres of the same grass last 35 oxen and 4 cows, the grass in every instance growing stance formly?

ARTEMAS MARTIN. Franklin, Venango Cu., Ps.

CONUNDRUMS.

When is a clock guilty of a misde When it strikes one.

What needy poet belonged to one of the ichest corporations in England? Ana.-Gold

What question is saked when named? Ans .- How? (Howe.) Which is the month in which

ast? Ans,-February. What class of birds are

Answers to RIDDLES IN OUR LAST. MISCELLANBOUS ENIGNA.-The ME leum erected by Artemisia. CHARADE.—Bei time. CHARADE.—Cut-lass.

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